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OR UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE,

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

WE are sorry the letter respecting the answer to Columbianus, did not arrive until the 28th inst. which was too late for insertion in the present number.

On re-examination, Philo-scribleus was found liable to several objections, which the editor, when he has the pleasure of seeing his esteemed friend, the writer, will point out to him.

Elegy on gov. Livingston, is under consideration.

Tullia's picture is too incorrect for insertion.

Jan. 31.

Meteorological observations made at Philadelphia, December 1790.

Meteological observations made at Philadelphia, December 1790.

Days.	Barometer.						Thermom.		Anemo- meter. Prevailing wind.	Weather.					
	Phosphoric English foot.						Farenheit.								
	In. $\frac{1}{12}$ $\frac{1}{16}$		In. $\frac{1}{12}$ $\frac{1}{16}$		D $\frac{1}{10}$	D $\frac{1}{10}$									
45	1	30	6	6	30	5	7	24	4	35	6	NW	fair,		
46	2	30	3	6	30	0	0	30	7	32	9	NW.SE	cloudy, rain,		
ibid.	3	29	4	9	29	5	15	35	8	42	6	WSW	cloudy, *		
47	4	29	6	14	29	6	4	36	0	43	0	WSW.W	cloudy,		
ibid.	5	29	8	0	29	8	0	30	3	38	1	W	cloudy, fair,		
ibid.	6	30	1	14	30	0	8	21	1	34	2	W	fair,		
ibid.	7	30	0	14	30	3	0	39	0	34	9	NNW.N	cloudy, fair,		
48	8	30	8	5	30	9	0	11	0	24	3	N	fair, [in the night		
ibid.	9	30	10	6	30	9	8	10	0	25	7	N.NNE	fair—cloudy, snow		
ibid.	10	30	6	12	30	5	8	26	9	40	5	NNE	cloudy, foggy, rain		
ibid.	11	30	3	11	30	2	12	36	7	41	7	NE	rain, fog,		
ibid.	12	29	11	6	29	11	10	37	0	43	2	WNW.NW	rain, fair,		
ibid.	13	30	0	6	29	10	11	28	0	41	7	W.SW	cloudy,		
49	14	30	0	2	30	0	8	30	0	38	7	NW	fair,		
ibid.	15	30	4	4	30	4	15	26	0	32	7	NW	cloudy,		
ibid.	16	30	0	11	30	11	4	21	0	30	2	NE.NW	snow, cloudy,		
ibid.	17	30	0	14	29	11	12	13	0	25	7	WNW	fair,		
50	18	30	0	7	30	2	14	8	7	19	4	W	fair,		
ibid.	19	30	5	8	30	4	9	6	0	24	3	WSW.SSW	cloudy,		
ibid.	20	30	1	15	30	1	15	22	1	38	1	SW	cloudy,		
53	21	30	0	1	29	10	0	27	9	36	5	NE	snow,		
60	22	30	4	6	30	5	0	14	0	25	2	NW	fair,		
I. (1	23	30	1	14	30	1	13	16	0	37	6	SW.WSW	fair,		
I. (1	24	33	3	13	30	4	10	27	0	31	1	ENE.NE	cloudy,		
I. (1	25	30	2	14	30	1	8	17	5	28	8	NE	cloudy, foggy,		
(3	26	29	11	11	29	11	3	24	4	29	7	NW	snow, fair,		
(5	27	30	1	8	30	2	4	12	0	14	6	WSW	cloudy,		
(6	28	30	2	14	30	2	10	11	2	24	1	W	cloudy, fair,		
(7	29	29	9	15	29	11	0	19	9	39	2	W	fair, close fog,		
ibid.	30	30	3	4	30	3	11	12	4	21	0	NW.N	fair, [night,		
ibid.	31	30	3	3	30	2	5	10	5	21	6	NNW.NNE	cloudy, snow in the		
RESULT.		Barometer.						Thermometer.				Wind.			
		9th great. elevat.						30	10	6	12th great. deg. heat	43	2	5	
		3rd least elevat.						29	4	9	19th least deg. heat	6	0	0	NW.W.
		Variation,						1	5	13	Variation,	37	2	0	Cloudy.
		Mean elevation,						30	2	7	Temperature,	27	2	0	

Observations on the weather and diseases for the month of December 1790.

THE conjecture, thrown out in the observations on the weather for November, with respect to the probable severity of the season, has been in some measure verified in the present month. For several winters past, December has not been observed to be accompanied with such very cold and disagreeable weather. The thermometer was not once at that height, which indicates a temperature of the air, sustainable without fire. It was always low; and on the nineteenth, its descent was down to 6. 0.

arrive

which
writer,

Several days, however, were clear; though the greater number were cloudy, moist, and attended with cold and uncomfortable winds, which were frequently high.

The river Delaware was frozen over but once last winter, and not until the sixth of February. It was open on the sixteenth, and was completely navigable the next day, and the remainder of the season. In this month, it has been twice frozen, viz. on the eighth, and remained shut until the twelfth, when, in consequence of a considerable fall of rain, and some moderation of the weather, it opened, and continued navigable a few days; but closed again on the eighteenth. From this time, until the end of the month, it remained shut, the ice every day growing stronger, until it became so firm, as to bear sleds loaded with wood, which were brought from the Jerseys to this city in great numbers.

Accounts, received from the northward, mention the weather to have been still more rigorous than with us. At New York, "no winter since the peace has been so severe as the present." At Albany, on the ninth, Fahrenheit's thermometer, in the open air, was ten degrees below 0—and the barometer 31 $\frac{1}{10}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —a height greater than it has been observed to be, these four years past. At Hartford, in Connecticut, on the ninth also, the thermometer, at sunrise, was seven degrees below 0.

The variable and inconstant weather, that prevailed during this month, was no less remarkable than the number of diseases it produced. Every species of inflammatory complaint appeared. Affections of the lungs, whether in the dangerous form of a pneumonia, or more slight degree, as in the catarrh, were uncommonly numerous. With regard to the mode of treatment, nothing peculiar was pursued. It may be observed, however, that a free use of the lancet was absolutely necessary, as one of the first remedies for the removal of the complaint. Such was the disposition of the system, to assume an inflammatory type, that the sick bore a repetition of the operation, much better than in common cases. The rooms of the patients were kept moderately cool, the air frequently changed, and all increase of heat, from fire, or a weight of bed clothes, avoided. Blisters, from their not producing a thorough evacuation, but only emptying the lower intestines, and being frequently strongly objected to by the patients themselves, were not much used. Instead of these, purges, which operate without any increased stimulus, were preferred—as glauber salts, with cream of tartar, &c. and these frequently repeated with small doses of antimonials and nitre, as the state of the patient and pulse required. Blisters, after bleeding, were also used, with great advantage in the removal of topical pains. The application of a second one, near the former, was sometimes effectual in those cases where a single one had been unsuccessful.

Philadelphia, January 1, 1790.

PLAN OF A RUSSIA VOYAGE.

Extracted from a letter written by a merchant at Petersburg, to a gentleman in this city.

A Ship of about 300 tons is the burden I would recommend for Petersburg; and the cargo might consist of the following articles, to each of which, the price or nearly the price free on board, is affixed.

New sable iron, three inches by two and a half, at about	L. 9 10 0
Old sable, three by seventy-two or three-fourths,	11 0 0
New sable, two and a half by one-half,	10 0 0
Four assortments and squares,	12 0 0

100 tons.

150 tons clean hemp, free on board, L. 19 10 to L. 20
 20 tons soap tallow, — — 33 0 to 34
 60 pieces fail cloth being reckoned a ton, 1000 pieces equal to
 16 2-3ds tons, and will cost on board, free, 40s. to 45s.
 90 pieces ravens' duck a ton, 210 pieces will be
 2 3-4ths, and cost per piece, on board, 27s.
 5 or 400 pieces Russia sheeting, per piece 37s. 8d.
 3 or 360 pieces drillings, per piece of 30, to 22s.
 20 tons cordage, L. 22 0 0 per ton, free on board,
 10 tons, or 60,000 arshreens of broad and narrow linen, might complete
 the cargo.

327 tons.

TOTAL AMOUNT OF THE FOREGOING CARGO.

100 Tons iron assorted, average,	L. 10 10 0	L. 1,050 0 0
150 Tons clean hemp,	— 20 0 0	3,000 0 0
1000 Pieces fail cloth,	— 2 0 0	2,000 0 0
210 Pieces ravens' duck,	— 1 7 0	283 10 0
400 Pieces sheeting,	— 1 17 3	753 6 2
360 Pieces drillings,	— 22 0 0	396 0 0
20 Tons cordage,	— 22 0 0	440 0 0

L. 8,372 16 2

60,000 Arshreens, assorted diapers and linens, at 4d.
 sterling per arsh. to average,

I have taken the above prices on an average rather higher perhaps than was necessary: but this is erring on the safest side; and you have the least reason to fear being misled by any calculations formed on them.

The navigation, at Petersburg, is open from the beginning of May to the end of October. Early in June would be the proper time for your vessel to arrive here. The manner of reimbursements is by drafts on London at three months, or on Amsterdam, at sixty-five days: in one of which places, a credit must be lodged for the amount of the cargo ordered. Any explanations or additions to the foregoing note, that you desire, I will supply with pleasure.

It is unlucky that Russia cannot take off any of America's produce: but all West India articles can be disposed of. Raw sugars, coffee, indigo, and cochineal particularly, are in constant demand, and sell generally to advantage, though on rather long credits—from nine to twelve months after delivery.

I am, &c.

Rice is admitted, but saleable only in small quantities. Fruit from Lisbon good: American vessels admitted equally with British: Martinico coffee 1s. per lb. to 1s. 2d. white Bourdeaux sugars, Havanna whites, medium price, as four and a half roubles to five roubles for Bourdeaux: rum not saleable: duty on spirits equal to prohibition.

Lowest fail cloth 36s. ravens' duck 22s. 6d. to 25s. old sable iron thus marked below old Swedish: it makes steel new sable a little inferior, 10s. per ton less.

1 pood to 40lb. Russian, about 36lb. English.

10 do. is 1 Berkowitz, 400lb. Russian, or 363 English.

An arshreen is 28 inches English, 9 equal to 7 English yards.

A chelvest for grain is 9 1-2 poods, for hemp and flaxseed.

Exports from Baltimore from Oct. 1, 1789, to September 30, 1790.

Barrels of flour,	—	—	143,174
Barrels of bread,	—	—	9,843
Busbels of wheat,	—	—	228,116
Busbels of Indian corn,	—	—	249,310
Casks of flaxseed,	—	—	2,282
Barrels of meal,	—	—	4,674
Shingles,	—	—	2,415,324
Barrels of pork,	—	—	383
Staves and heading,	—	—	249,900
Tons of pig iron,	—	—	727
Hogheads of tobacco,	—	—	14,174
			Dollars. Cents.
Value of the above articles,	—	—	1,916,240 33
A variety of other articles, not enumerated above, amounting to	—	—	111,530 31
			<hr/>
Total amount of exports,	—	—	2,027,770 64
Value of imports for the same time,	—	—	1,945,899 55
			<hr/>
Balance in favour of Baltimore,	—	—	81,971 09

 NUMBER OF SOULS
In the territory of the united states, north west of the river Ohio, in 1790.

In the seven ranges of townships,	—	—	
Ohio company purchase,	—	—	1000
The French settlement opposite Kanhawa,	—	—	
Symmes's settlements,	—	—	1300
Clarkville, at the rapids of the Ohio,	—	—	60
Vincennes on the Oubashe, inclusive of Riviere du chy station,	—	—	1000
Kaskaskias	—	—	315
Cayhokia,	—	—	365
At the grand Ruiffeau, village of St. Philip and Prairie du Rochers,	—	—	240
			<hr/>
			4,280

N. B. In the town of Vincennes upon the Oubashe are about forty American families, and thirty one slaves; and upon the Mississippi are forty American families and about seventy-three slaves, which are included in the above mentioned estimate.

Upon the Spanish side of the Mississippi, above the confluence of the Ohio, are

At Genevieve, Lahine, and a small new village,	—	850
Half of whom are blacks.		
St. Louis,	—	720
120 of whom are blacks.		
A small settlement twelve miles west,	—	100
A settlement twenty miles up the Missouri river,	—	160
		<hr/>
		1,820

N. B. This does not include any part of the Kentucky country.

I HAVE SEEN, AND I HAVE NOT SEEN.

By the late governor Livingston.

I *Have seen* several of our assemblies endeavouring at public economy by lowering the salaries of the officers of government, and other littlenesses of the like nature; and costing the public more in their own wages, by the time they spent in making the reduction (which ought not to have been made at all) than such reduction finally amounted to. But *I have not seen* one of them calling to a serious account the sheriffs who have defrauded us of hundreds, by pocketing fines; or the commissioners for forfeited estates, who have plundered us of thousands, by trading with the money, converting it into real estate, and afterwards paying us at a great depreciation. Why are not these people immediately compelled to pay this money according to the value at which they received it? This would really be an object worthy of a legislature. This would go a great way towards filling the fiscal coffer, and easing the poor citizen in his taxes.

I have seen tories, members of congress; tories, sitting as judges upon our tribunals; tories representatives in our legislative council; tories, members of our assemblies. But *I have not seen* them bribed with British money; nor was such actual vision necessary for my conviction that they were so.

I have seen our soldiers marching barefoot through snow, and over ice: *I have not seen* them duly recompensed for it; nor America so grateful for the inexpressible hardships they suffered, as I thought she would have been.

I have seen congress recommending to the several states, such salutary measures as would have been of infinite service to the union to have adopted. *I have not seen* the states adopt those measures.

I have seen commerce declining; and, worse than declining, prosecuted to undoing; idleness prevailing; self-interest predominating; luxury increasing; and patriotism languishing. But *when shall I see* the true spirit of republicans emerging from its late ignobly-contracted torpor; and blazing out with the same splendor, the same world-astonishing coruscations, with which it so gloriously illustrated the first morning of its appearance?

I have seen justices of the peace, who were a mere burlesque upon all magistracy. Justices illiterate—justices partial—justices groggy—justices courting popularity, in order to be chosen assemblymen—and justices encouraging litigiousness. But *I have not seen* any joint-meeting sufficiently cautious against appointing such men, justices of the peace.

I have seen four times as many taverns in the state as are necessary. Those superabundant taverns are continually haunted by idlers; and are confessedly so many nuisances. All well regulated governments would abolish them; and yet *I have not seen* any of the courts that license them, willing to retrench the supernumerary ones.

I have seen the regency of Algiers, making a cruel and unprovoked war upon the united states. *I have not seen* the secret hand of Great Britain in exciting those infidels to this war, to render her own bottoms the more necessary for carrying on our commerce, and for other purposes by the said act intended.

I have seen paper money emitted by a legislature, that solemnly promised to redeem it; *I have seen* them afterwards depreciate it themselves; and therefore I believe, that I shall never see the honest redemption of it.

I have seen assemblies enacting laws for the amendment of the practice in the courts of justice. But *I have never yet seen* that practice really amended by them.

I have seen, since our revolution, tories promoted to offices of trust and pre-

fit; but *I have never seen* the man, who dared to avow either the justice or the propriety of such promotion.

I have seen hundreds paying their debts, with continental money, at the depreciated rate of above sixty for one. But *how many have I seen*, who had too much integrity to avail themselves of that subterfuge which the law unintentionally afforded them; and who, instead of infringing the golden rule, though protected by human edicts to sin against it, nobly disdained to violate the solemn dictates of their own consciences, and against light, and knowledge, and gospel, to defraud their neighbour of his due? How many? Not enough to constitute a legal jury.

I have seen congress necessitated to borrow money from France and Holland; but *I have not seen* this state take proper measures to discharge its proportion of those engagements.

I have not seen any of our continental officers, who were, during the war, posted upon our lines for the express purpose of preventing the illegal commerce with the enemy in New York, themselves carrying on that infamous traffic.

I will not tell all that I have seen. The veracity of an historian is often called in question, when he speaks of disorders in government that appear incredible. He is obliged to relate facts, which, because extraordinary, though true, are received as exaggeration and romance. I hope, for the future, to see virtue and patriotism resume their primæval glory; and our independence, procured at the expense of so much blood and treasure, for ever and ever established in righteousness.

Messrs. Printers,

I send you a collection of original letters, written by an amiable character, a native of Germany, now an inhabitant of this city, who makes frequent excursions into the country. The refined sensibility, elegant sallies of imagination, and picturesque descriptions which they contain, will, no doubt, render them acceptable to your readers, and prove an agreeable relief from the perusal of the political and philosophical essays in your Museum.

I am yours, &c.

T. M.

L E T T E R I.

Dear Friend,

Greenwich, New-Jersey, 1790—14th Sept.

DARK is the night; no friendly moon appears; her silver face is covered with a gloomy veil of rainy clouds—my eyes are longing for sleep; but alas! balmy sleep is frightened away by the noisy hammers of the neighbouring forge. This circumstance is favourable for our correspondence; tired with riding to-day, I would have gone to rest, without writing you my daily letter, had it not been for those noisy hammers of Greenwich.

I am now no more in Pennsylvania, the abode of peaceful, silent agriculture; I am in the country of Cyclops, among mountains and rocks: the dreary thunder of the iron hammers is re-echoing through the solitary valley; the waving flames, blended with smoke, rise up to the starry sky, and redden the winding waters of the Muskenigo. I had one satisfaction when I visited, this evening, after my arrival, the iron forge of Greenwich. These sons of Vulcan, busy as they are, day and night, are only busy for the promotion of peace and harmony. No cannons, no swords, the bloody instruments of war, are manufactured here; their works are all for peace. Let the Europeans struggle for liberty and independence, we are now enjoying the sweets of them already. Agriculture and

manufactures, fostered by the cares and patronage of united brethren, are flourishing through all the states. I saw cannons, used during the last war, lying in the fields near Philadelphia, all silent and rusty: in their mouths, whence inevitable death thundered once, now peaceable rabbits are breeding.

Dear friend, were I a poet, this would be the happy moment, when rhymes would flow as ardent, as melted ore flows from the furnace. But I should attempt it in vain; I am afraid, long as the hammers of Greenwich have been beating, there has never been a couplet as yet hammered out in this place.

Greenwich is situated in a charming valley—all furrounded with shady hills. Muskenigo, a little creek, chatters away through the lonely vale: he lends his waters to forges and furnaces, mills and meadows, for the common benefit of the country.

I crossed father Delaware, when I was coming over from Pennsylvania, into the Jersey. I found him out in the midst of rocky mountains, gliding through the retired valley, as if he were ashamed of his littleness: he is as humble there, as ever the former kings of the country have been, who resided on those mountains in times of old. No tide swells up his waters there; no trading vessel can come up so far: Trenton is the place, where all his majesty and pride ends,

I am yours, &c.

LETTER II.

Dear Friend,

Deerfield, New-Jersey, 1790—16th Oct.

I Am once more in the country, forty miles from Philadelphia. My letter to you, being written in a silent country seat, should talk of nothing else, but charming, rural scenes. However, I will do so to-morrow; to-day you must forgive me, if I dwell still on our city: the delightful scene which I saw this morning at my departure from it, is too strongly impressed on my mind, not to prattle with you about it. Cool and charming was the morning; the sun was up already about two hours, and drank away the refreshing dew from the autumnal meadows; the Philadelphia ladies were just sipping their morning tea, when I was carried over the Delaware in a little boat with my Rosinante. A brisk, soft, whistling breeze was swelling our sail. In the middle of the river, we sailed down for half a mile, along the city—beautiful and majestic was the prospect, which I enjoyed from the river; lively the scene: a whole forest of masts was displayed along the wharves: I could hear, at a distance, the noise of the sailors and mechanics. Let your imagination play a little, to paint the whole scene; I find neither time, nor room enough in a letter, to finish the picture. We passed by a small island, where a whole cloud of black-birds were cruising about: they were starting every moment, and changing their places, the young Philadelphians make them so shy and fearful: they carry on a perpetual war against them, having now no other enemy to fight.

Charming, my friend, was the scene, when I went, in my travels through Germany, from Frankfort down the Main, and saw the old episcopal city, Mentz, before me. Grand and majestic was the prospect, which I enjoyed from the Thames, when I had royal London before my eyes: but I assure you, this morning's scene, with all its simplicity, was more charming to me, than the former. Mentz is old and decaying; but Philadelphia is young, like a blooming bride. London is too monstrous, too proud, and declining into oppression and slavery; but the reverse of it you see in Philadelphia. One thing I dislike: the Philadelphians do not adhere to the plan of their first founder, Penn. Instead of extending their streets towards the Schuylkill, they build almost all their houses along the Delaware; the silent, serpentine Schuylkill is left deserted, and solitary, only visited by poets and whining lovers.

As soon as I reached the Jersey shore, I mounted my *Rosinante*, and trotted away through woods of oak and hickory. The grand city prospect was soon effaced from my imagination, by the beauty of rural scenes. The young, smiling spring is a charming painter in the flowery meadows; but autumn, I think really, is more charming in painting the withering leaves of the trees. My eyes were enraptured with the picturesque colouring of the grove. Red and yellow, interwoven with brown and green, have a charming effect.

I must now end my letter; and am only come into the woods of New-Jersey; but I cannot help it; the scenes of nature have too many attractions for me. I shall tell you of my arrival to-morrow. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

Dear Friend,

Deerfield, 1790—17th Oct.

I Crossed the great Delaware with you in my last letter, and left you the whole night in the American woods; but I hope, you did not catch cold. You were not alone in the woods; there were whole herds of cattle, hogs and rabbit, which kept you company; the friendly moon, with the glittering stars, peeped through the shady trees into your bed of moss and leaves. What a charming thing is it, that there are no murderers, no thieves in our woods! You may travel whole days through their silent shade, without the least apprehension of being attacked, either by English highwaymen, or Italian banditti. Going down to Deerfield, I was singing through the shady, solitary woods, to amuse both myself and my *Rosinante* a little: this I never did in Europe, lest I should rouse the robbers from their subterraneous caverns. This is another advantage, which our happy country affords to a peaceable traveller. Along the road, I passed through beautiful orchards, filled with apples. I heard with pleasure the groaning of the cider-presses, a charming music for the industrious farmer, which furnishes his winter table with a refreshing, truly federal wine. A brisk gale was rushing through the Indian corn, and made a noise like that of the stormy ocean. My warm imagination often carried me on the great Atlantic, till the stumbling of my *Rosinante*, convinced me again, that I was still on the continent. Some Indian corn fields were almost covered with ripe pumpkins—a fine food for hogs, as they told me. But the idea which struck me first, when I saw them, was a gloomy, and you will say, a very eccentric one. I looked upon them as so many human skulls, scattered through a vast American church-yard. I began to meditate on death—and this universal death of nature, now decaying and withering away, favoured my church-yard meditation. At last I arrived, in my hospitable country seat; and as I had seen so many apples and cider-presses, on the road, I first called for a glass of cider; and a very good one they gave me: it was only a week old as yet; however, I liked it better than all the wines of Portugal, Spain, or France. It is true, it is not very favourable for a fiery poem: it cools the blood, and stops the eccentric flights of a warm imagination. You may conclude, from my letter, that I have been drinking plentifully of cooling cider. But such a cider stile is fit for a sober and peaceable country poet. I am, &c. *(To be continued.)*

OBSERVATIONS UPON GAMING.

GAMING is a vice to which, perhaps, not very many in this country are addicted. However, to those who are not guilty of it, there may be some use expatiating upon it, that their aversion to it may be continued. There may be some pleasure in reflecting upon the evils and troubles which those suffer, who practise this vice, from which we escape through our virtue. It is a-

greeable, says a Latin poet, upon the sea-shore, to see others who are vexed in a tempest—not that it is pleasing that our fellow creatures should be afflicted—but that we should escape from the evils before our eyes. His words are,

“*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
“ E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
“ Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
“ Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.*”

It is observed, that gaming is seldom pursued with moderation. It is a fascinating and domineering passion. As the serpent of Aaron swallowed up every other serpent, so does this extirpate every other passion. The gamester neglects the calls of love and friendship. The desire of fame and of knowledge, health and time, and honour, and all that is valuable to men, are sacrificed to his love of play. It is mentioned by some authors, that some of the Germans were formerly so addicted to this vice, that they would even venture their personal freedom, when they were bereft of every thing else, and upon losing, would patiently and quietly suffer themselves to be bound and sold as slaves. There are two causes of the injury of health from the pursuit of this passion; continual anxiety, and late hours. It is not unusual for gamesters to continue whole nights as well as days at play. It is remarkable that gamesters are the worst paymasters in the world, except in gaming-debts, which they call debts of honour. Men, who risk hundreds upon the throw of a die, in Europe, are often arrested for trivial sums. This reluctance to pay their honest creditors, arises from the desire of having ready money always at hand, which is a necessary passport to the gaming table. Here, therefore, true honour is set aside for that which is in a great measure imaginary. It appears to me, that a gamester is unworthy of public or private trust; that he should not be an attorney, or a trustee, or an officer to the state. Those, who know mankind, know that there are frequent instances of gamesters losing the money that has been entrusted to their hands by others for various purposes. A man addicted to gaming, can be regular to no appointment, can give the necessary attention to no business whatever. The temptation alleged by many persons of fortune, to gaming, is, that it kills time. It is well said by the celebrated dr. Young,

“*Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
“ Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
“ Like children, babbling nonsense in their sports,
“ We censure nature for a span too short;
“ That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
“ Torture invention, all expedients tire,
“ To lash the ling’ring moments into speed,
“ And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.”*

There is one very bad effect of gaming which I never have found observed by any writer on the subject, which is, that it has a tendency to harden the heart. I remember once to have heard a great gamester say, (he was a man who chiefly supported himself by the profits arising from play) that his foolish pity to his friends had made him forbear many advantages which he could have reaped, and that he was determined in future to spare no man. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that it is our duty to keep the heart tender and susceptible of the afflictions of others. It is the language of inspiration, that when the Almighty is willing to work a reformation, he is represented as saying, “*I will take away the heart of stone, and give you a heart of flesh.*” A feeling mind may be esteemed in many respects a great blessing. It contains a great inclination to virtue. For if we feel for the misery of others, we shall unwillingly cause that misery. It is incumbent upon us, however, to guard against what is really a foolish pity, and to keep our sensibility always under the direction of reason.

Another bad consequence of gaming is, that it introduces us to the worst company. The gaming table, like the grave, has been well said to level all distinctions. Bad company makes us unhappy; it makes us infamous; and if we do not take care, it will soon make us wicked. There is a fine print upon the subject of gaming by the ingenious Mr. Hogarth. The prince of the blood and the nobleman are there represented (and perhaps this part of the picture is taken from real life) with highwaymen and sharpers. Some of the miseries, which gaming produces, are there inimitably described, and above all, the insensibility to the duties and the proper cares of life, for the watchmen are thundering out, that the house is on fire, and no gamester will attend to remove the danger. He is fastened to the object of his wishes, and perhaps in one instance, might resemble the man of integrity, whom Horace describes as unmoved amid the general dissolution of all things.

"Si fractus illabatur orbis,
"Impavidum serient ruinæ."

It appears to be foolish in a man who is not thoroughly well versed in the games at which he plays, and who is not always cool and sober, to enter into gaming societies. For the loss of his property must in a little time be the consequence of such a conduct. But honest skill in play, with a possession of temper and constant sobriety, will not always avail to keep a man from ruin. For it is well known that sleight-of-hand men, such as Falconi, who was in this city some time since, can give such lessons as to enable any man of dexterity to deceive even good players. A person who has received instructions from such men, can with ease always secure to himself pam, when he deals at the game called Loo, which, to those acquainted with the game, is known to be of vast advantage. When he plays at all-fours, he can turn up a knave every time he deals. When he throws the dice, by taking one die secretly in his hand, and rattling the other in the box, he can make one die appear upon the table what he pleases; and this is half-way towards gaining the throw. In short, if he be well-instructed by these people, a scoundrel can gain numberless advantages at various games, and elude all detection. I have seen Breslaw in England, perform his tricks in a public room, and was highly astonished at his dexterity. An ignorant and superstitious person might have conceived that he dealt with some invisible power. I suppose that the Egyptian magicians must have been persons of this character, and that fortune-telling, conjuring, sleight-of-hand, and magic, all arose from these crafty and imposing people.

A gaming table has a great tendency to produce the most dangerous quarrels even among friends. It is certainly expected in polite circles, that the greatest temper should be observed in winning and losing. But still we find among gamesters of all conditions, disputes, or duels. In short, gaming has filled the world with tragedies; for not only duelling, but suicide, in high life, and robbery in lower life, are often the consequences of this fatal passion. It does not prevail so much in America as in Europe; but even in Philadelphia, as well as in every populous city on the continent, we can find gamesters: and I am informed, by a gentleman who lately came here from the back parts of the state, that it there prevails in a dangerous degree. It seems to be our duty to guard against any the most trivial inclination to this vice; as a prudent man would not wish to lose his own money, and an honest man would not wish to gain improperly the money of others.

PRUDENS.

Philadelphia, January 10, 1791.

A sketch of the nature and causes of diseases. Explained upon scientific principles.

NUMBER IV.

Of itching.

ITCHING appears to be nearly allied to pain; and may be presumed to depend on an increase of vibration in the fluid of the nerves, in consequence of slight irritation.

Of watching, or inability to sleep.

The continued action of the mind and body, while we are awake, appears to occasion a consumption or diminution of the principle or substance, on which the strength and vigour of all the several faculties depend.

The proximate cause of watching, or inability to sleep, may therefore be presumed to depend upon an intenseness of motion in the medullary fibres of the brain, or of excessive vibration in the subtle fluid, which they are supposed to contain. This intenseness of motion may be occasioned by various preternatural stimuli, both mental and corporeal.

The most common exciting cause is an increased motion of the blood through the vessels of the brain, or an inflamed state of the dura mater. The consequence of this symptom, if it continue obstinate, must be very injurious; for supplies of aliment alone are not sufficient to repair the waste, and recruit the strength of the body, unless they be assisted by the natural returns of sleep; because it is during the intervals of repose and rest from muscular motion and the general exercise of the senses, that the nutritious particles, which are conveyed by the sanguiferous vessels to every part of the body, are deposited and fixed: but in febrile diseases, where the digestive powers are impaired, we may easily comprehend how much the want of sleep must contribute to the general consumption of flesh and strength.

Of coma, lethargy, or unnatural propensity to sleep.

This symptom, when in a high degree, has always a dangerous tendency, since it gives reason to infer, that the nerves are not sufficiently supplied with that enlivening principle, which is the efficient cause of sensation and motion; either from a deficiency of the matter from which this principle is derived, in the general mass, or from somewhat compressing them at their origin, so as to obstruct its free distribution.

This symptom may be a consequence of its opposite, when it has continued so long as to induce atony. An atony, or defect of excitement, may therefore be considered as the proximate cause. If the principle of irritability, or the vital principle, be deficient, or nearly exhausted at the same time, so as not to be susceptible of the action of stimuli, the consequence must be death. But if coma be occasioned by an abstraction or suspension of necessary or natural stimuli, while the vital principle continues to be little or not at all impaired or exhausted, a judicious supply or application of appropriate stimuli will afford relief.

Experiments and observations prove, that the most common remote or occasional causes, are excessive discharges of blood—exposure to intense cold—long and painful abstinence—a collection of water in the ventricles, and effusion of serum or lymph, or an extravasation of blood within the cranium, a congestion of blood in the vessels of the brain, which often takes place in consequence of intoxication, by which the motion of the brain is suspended. A fracture and depression of the cranium by pressing upon the medullary part of the brain, and a violent concussion of the same, by suspending its motion, and preventing the distribution of the nervous fluid, produce the same effect.

In fevers, accompanied with symptoms of general debility, we often meet with a mixture of sleeping and sudden starting, which is termed *coma vigil*. This is

presumed to be owing to irritation, producing unequal and irregular excitement in the debilitated fibres of the brain. The cure consists in restoring tone, vigour, and regularity to the circulation.

Of anxiety, or a sense of oppression about the precordia.

It was laid down, as the sixth condition of perfect health, that there should be no sense of straitness or of weight and oppression about the precordia or region of the heart. The opposite to this condition, and ninth of the general symptoms, is a distressing sensation, called anxiety.

This complaint is generally attended with remarkable timidity and dejection of spirits. It sometimes accompanies diseases, where no febrile symptoms are present; but is seldom absent in febrile cases, wherein symptoms of great debility prevail: hence, in all such cases, it may be considered as depending on a want of nervous energy, and consequently accumulation of blood in the heart and lungs.

That species of anxiety first mentioned, as unattended with febrile symptoms, must arise from some disorder, which is solely confined to the nervous system, and is generally sympathetic, especially in cases of hysteria, occasioned by preternatural irritation, either mental or corporeal, acting on the system, when in a state of excessive irritability.

The cold stage of all fevers is accompanied with more or less anxiety and oppression about the precordia. This is a strong presumption, that during its continuance, the nervous energy is deficient, suspended, or oppressed: from this circumstance, among others, we learn, that the different systems may be morbidly affected, independent of each other—and also, that there may be a defect of power in the one, and an increase of action in the other.

Of dyspnea, or difficulty of breathing.

When respiration is free, regular, and performed without pain, or any uneasy sensation, and when exercise and moderate labour can be borne without occasioning short breathing, we may be assured, that the lungs are sound, and the circulation through them meets with no obstacle. On the other hand, quick, difficult or painful respiration, always indicates some impediment to the functions of the lungs, and to the general circulation: and always portends danger, in proportion to the violence and duration of those symptoms. A strict attention therefore to the state of respiration is of the utmost importance* in forming the diagnostics and prognostics of diseases, not only of the lungs themselves, but of others also; especially of fevers. Upon this account, the symptom of difficult respiration, deserves a chief place, and an ample consideration, in a system of pathology. However, as my intention is only to give the outlines of the subject, I shall content myself with enumerating only a few of the most common causes, which occasion it; but shall not take notice of any affection of the organs of respiration, except such as are idiopathic, or such as depend upon a primary affection of the lungs themselves, or the parts with which they are immediately connected.

Dyspnea will be the effect, when the lungs are in a sound state, of whatever occasions a straitness of the capacity of the thorax; by a full stomach pressing against the diaphragm, and preventing its descent; by a collection of water within the cavity of the thorax, as in dropsical cases; by an inflammation of the pleura, &c.; by whatever impedes the entrance of the air into the air cells, or prevents its exclusion. Other remote causes of this symptom are an accelerated circulation from exercise, or febrile paroxysm.—A spasmodic or preternatural constriction of

NOTE.

* In order to freedom of respiration, the air we breathe must be pure; since experiments prove, that inflammable or phlogisticated air is destructive to life.

the muscular fibres of the bronchiæ, owing to an atony prevailing in them, and perhaps a diminished energy of the brain, subsisting at the same time; is very frequently the proximate cause of that species of dyspnea, called the asthma.

When the atmospheric air is too much rarefied, it has not sufficient force to expand the pulmonary vesicles: and, if not sufficiently rarefied, or deprived of its elasticity, it cannot inflate them at all. But when it is too dense, or too elastic, it may over distend—or, if too cold, may destroy the tone of the living fibres, and thereby occasion them to become inelastic and unresisting.

It is to the ingenious and enterprising dr. Priestley, whose province was theology, that we are indebted for the discovery of the principal use of respiration. This subject has been since prosecuted by doctors Black, Irvine, Crawford, and Elliot: and it is now generally known, that in the act of inspiration, the latent fire, contained in the air, is transferred to the blood in the lungs—and the phlogiston, imbibed by the blood, in the course of circulation, is transferred to the air, in the act of expiration. It is by the lungs, that latent heat is extracted from the air, conveyed into the blood, and becomes the cause of animal heat. Of what importance, then, is not pure air, to the continuance of life? Disease and death are the effects of foul or phlogisticated air. *(To be continued).*

SELECETD PROSE.

From the Massachusetts magazine.

LETTER FROM GEN. VARNUM TO HIS LADY,

written a few days before his death.

My dearest and most amiable friend,

I Now write to you from my sick chamber: and perhaps it will be the last letter you will ever receive from me. My lungs are so far affected, that it is impossible for me to recover, but by a change of air, and warmer climate. I expect to leave this place on Sunday or Monday next, for the Falls of Ohio. If I feel myself mend by the tour, I shall go no further; but if not, and my strength shall continue, I expect to proceed on to New Orleans, and from thence, by the West Indies, to Rhode Island. My physicians, most of them, think the chance of recovery in my favour. However, I am neither elevated nor depressed by the force of opinion—but shall meet my fate with humility and fortitude.

I cannot, however, but indulge the hope, that I shall again embrace my lovely friend in this world; and that we may glide smoothly down the tide of time for a few years, and enjoy together the more substantial happiness and satisfaction, as we have already the desirable pleasures of life.

It is now almost nineteen years, since heaven connected us by the tenderest and most sacred ties: and it is the same length of time, that our friendship hath been increased, by every rational and endearing motive. It is now stronger than death; and, I am firmly persuaded, will follow us into an existence of never-ending felicity. But, my lovely friend, the gloomy moment will arrive, when we must part: and, should it arrive, during our present separation, my last, and my only reluctant thoughts will be employed about my dearest Patty.

Life, my dearest friend, is but a bubble: it soon bursts, and is remitted to eternity. When we look back to the earliest recollection of our youthful hours, it seems but the last period of our rest: and we appear to emerge from a night of slumbers, to look forward to real existence. When we look forward, time appears as indeterminate as eternity: and we have no idea of its termination, but by the period of our own dissolution.

What particular connexion it bears to a future state, our general notions of re-

ligion cannot point out. We feel something constantly active within us, that is evidently beyond the reach of mortality : but whether it be a part of ourselves, or an emanation from the pure Source of all existence, or re-absorbed, when Death shall have finished his work, human wisdom cannot determine. Whether the demolition of the body introduces only a change in the manner of our being, and leaves us to progress infinitely, alternately elevated, or depressed, according to the propriety of our conduct—or whether only we return into the common mass of unthinking matter—philosophy hesitates to decide.

I know, therefore, but one source, from whence can be derived complete consolation in a dying hour—and that is, the divine system contained in the gospel of Jesus Christ. There life and immortality are brought to light : there we are taught that our existence is to be eternal—and, secure of an interest in the atoning merits of a bleeding Saviour, that we shall be inconceivably happy. A firm, unshaken faith in this doctrine, must raise us above the doubts and fears, that hang upon every other system, and enable us to view, with calm serenity, the approach of the king of terrors, and to behold him, as a kind, indulgent friend, spending his shafts, only to carry us the sooner to our everlasting home. But should there still be a more extensive religion beyond the veil, and without the reach of mortal observation, the christian religion is by no means shaken thereby ; as it is not opposed to any principle, that admits the perfect benevolence of the Deity. My only doubt is, whether the punishments, threatened in the new testament, are annexed to a state of unbelief, which may be removed hereafter, and so a restitution take place ; or whether the state of the mind, at death, irretrievably fixes its doom forever. I hope and pray, that the Divine Spirit will give me such assurances of acceptance with God, through the death and sufferings of his Son, as to brighten the way to immediate happiness.

Dry up your tears, my charming mourner ; nor suffer this letter to give you too much inquietude. Consider the facts at present but as in theory—but the sentiments such as will apply, whenever the great change shall come.

I know, that humanity must and will be indulged in its keenest griefs : but there is no advantage in too deeply anticipating our inevitable sorrows.

If I did not persuade myself, that you would conduct with becoming prudence and fortitude upon this occasion, my own unhappiness would be greatly increased, and perhaps my disorder too. But I have so much confidence in your discretion, as to unbosom my inmost soul.

You must not expect to hear from me again until the coming spring ; as the river will soon be shut up with ice, and there will be no communication from below ; and if in a situation for the purpose, will return as soon as practicable.

Give my sincerest love to all those you hold dear. I hope to see them again, and to love them more than ever. Adieu, my dearest, dearest friend ! and, while I fervently devote, in one undivided prayer, our immortal souls to the care, forgiveness, mercy, and all-prevailing grace of heaven, in time and through eternity, I must bid you a long, long, long farewell !

Marietta, Dec. 18, 1788.

JAMES M. VARNUM.

Messrs. Printers,

The following picture, taken from a British publication, is perhaps as capable of application to many characters in this country, as in that where it was written. I therefore request you will insert it in the Museum, where it may be a means of saving some persons from ruin, who do not attend to the precipice they stand upon.

Yours, &c.

Y. Z.

Philadelphia, Jan. 25, 1791.

PROGRESS TO BANKRUPTCY

Of a diligent, sober, young tradesman, without loss, misfortune, or evil intention.

A Young man, of good character, sets up in business with a moderate capital, and a good deal of credit, and soon after marries a young woman, with whom he gets a little ready money, and has good expectations on the death of a father, mother, uncle, or aunt. In two or three years, he finds that his business increases: but his own health, or his wife's, or his child's, makes it necessary for him to take lodgings in the country. Lodgings are found to be inconvenient: and for a very small additional expense, he might have a snug little box of his own. A snug little box is taken, repaired, new modelled, and furnished. Here he always spends his Sundays, and commonly carries a friend or two with him, just to eat a bit of mutton, and to see how comfortably he is situated in the country. Visitors of this sort are not wanting. One is invited, because he is a customer—another, because he may assist him in his business—a third, because he is a relation of his own or his wife's—a fourth, because he is an old acquaintance—and a fifth, because he is very entertaining; besides many who look in accidentally, and are prevailed on to dinner, although they have an engagement somewhere else.

He now keeps his horse for the sake of exercise. But as this is a solitary kind of pleasure, which his wife cannot share, and as the expense of a chair can be but trifling, where a horse is already kept, a chair is purchased, in which he takes out his wife and his child, as often as his time will permit. After all, driving a chair is but indifferent amusement to sober people. His wife is too timorous, and ever since she heard of Mrs. Threadneedle's accident, by the stumbling of her horse, will not set her foot in one; besides, the expense of a horse and chair, with what is occasionally spent in coach-hire, falls to little short of what his friend Mr. Harnes asks for a job-coach, that it would be ridiculous not to accept of an offer that never might be made him again. The job-coach is agreed for: and the boy in a plain coat, with a red cape to it, who used to clean knives, wait at table, and look after the horse, becomes a smart footman, with a handsome livery.

The snug little box is now too small for so large a family. There is a charming house, with a garden, and two or three acres of land, rather farther from town, but delightfully situated, the unexpired lease of which might be had a great bargain. The premises, to be sure, are somewhat more extensive than he should want: but the house is new, and, for a moderate expense, might be put into excellent repair. Hither he removes, hires a gardener, being fond of botany, and supplies his table with every thing in season, for little more than double the money the articles would have cost him, if he went to market for them. Every thing about him now seems comfortable: but his friend Harnes does not treat him so well as he expected. His horses are often ill matched: and the coachman sometimes even peremptorily refuses to drive them a few miles extraordinary, "for why he's answerable to master for the poor beasts." His expenses, it is true, are as much as he can afford: but having coach-house and stables of his own, with two or three acres of excellent grass, he might certainly keep his own coach and horses, for less money than he pays to Harnes. A rich relation of his wife's too is dying, and has often promised to leave her something handsome. The job-coach is discharged: he keeps his own carriage: and his wife is now able to pay and receive many more visits, than she could before. Yet he finds by experience, that an airing in a carriage is but a bad substitute for a ride on horseback, in the way of exercise. He must have a saddle-horse; and subscribes to a neighbouring hunt for his own sake, and to the nearest assemblies for the sake of his wife.

During this progress, his business has not been neglected : but his capital, originally small, has never been augmented. His wife's rich relations die, one after another, and remember her only by trifling legacies ; his expenses are evidently greater than his income : and, in a very few years, with the best intentions in the world, and wanting no good qualities, but foresight to avoid, or resolution to retrench, expenses which his business cannot support, his country-house and equipage, assisted by the many good friends who almost constantly dine with him, drive him fairly into the gazette. The country-house is let—the equipage sold—his friends shrug up their shoulders—enquire for how much he has failed—wonder it was not for more—say, he was a good creature, and an honest creature ; but they always thought it would come to this—pity him from their souls—hope his creditors will be favourable to him—and go to find diners elsewhere.

CURSORY THOUGHTS ON DUELLING.

COURAGE, fortitude, and resolution, if I entertain a right apprehension of human nature, are not qualities to be acquired, as we do Latin and Greek. They depend on the tone of the nerves, and our bodily constitution, as we receive them from nature, or in other words, from the constitution of our parents. I wish, then, to know, whether the strength or weakness of our nerves is to be accepted as a test of the rectitude or depravity of our moral principles ?

As the greatest scoundrels existing have fought duels, and worthy men have avoided them, I wish to know, how far boldness, or assurance, is to be deemed an evidence of merit ? and how far timidity, or want of resolution, argues baseness of heart ?

I do not know, whether the distinguished abilities and principles of a Bacon, a Boyle, a Locke, or a Shaftesbury, were ever brought to the test of a bullet or the point of a sword ; nor do I know, that fighting men are distinguished by liberality of sentiment ;—or that their company is peculiarly inviting for gentleness of manners. But if these things be so, I must be reduced to confess myself a great stranger to the world, the polite world at least : and one consequence will follow, that must appear strange to every one, that the army must then be the only school for morals and manners ; or more generally, that an adherence to moral obligations and the laws of good manners must be most conspicuous among those, who, to the laws of the land, superadd the pains and penalties that bind them to the laws of honour ! if they be, the question is at once decided ; if not, let us examine a little into the nature and tendency of these boasted laws.

A man upon some occasion or other, right or wrong, treats another with a slight, a frown, or a smile of contempt : does this demand a life ? If it do, I ask which life ? for both are understood to be in equal hazard in a duel.

In modern duels, it should seem that no serious consequences are intended ; for though indeed forms are preserved, an encounter generally ends in a farce ; they previously agree who shall have the first fire : the polite antagonist fires into the air—the seconds interpose—the parties shake hands, and go home with reciprocal acknowledgments, that they are both men of honour : to conclude the whole, a pompous narrative is published, attested by the seconds.

In all cases, cognizable by the laws of honour, we suppose an injury done ; of course, all cases include an aggressor and a sufferer ; satisfaction is the object ; but is satisfaction to be sought by the sufferer meeting the aggressor on equal terms ?

If a man asperse my character, is it giving me satisfaction to deprive me of life also, or of a limb ?

If a man reflect upon my character, and speak the truth, is my character cleared from a real stain by blowing his brains out?

A man accuses me of cheating him at cards or dice; if I really did cheat him, do I clear my character of all suspicion, by driving a sword through his body?

A man seduces my wife, sister, or daughter; is her character restored to society by my laming or killing him? suppose he subjects me to a wooden leg all the rest of my life; how stands satisfaction then? Suppose her future support rests upon my life, and the seducer kills me; how then? Suppose we fight, and neither of us are hurt, is the crime atoned, and must I acknowledge him a man of honour? Does he give me satisfaction by a struggle to extend the injury he has already perpetrated?

A man tells me, I have received language that a gentleman ought not to submit to. I call him out, and he stands my fire; does this prove that I really did not receive such language on the occasion referred to? if it be so accepted, it can only be by the courtesy of inference.

After all, if, from a consciousness of some peculiar personal advantage over me, he positively refuse to retract his declaration; in what an awkward situation am I left! What is to be done? Should I pursue him to the death of one of us, how am I relieved; and what should I do more than furnish amusement for by-standers, and paragraphs for newspapers? And so much for honour, until some person better informed, shall satisfy my mind that its laws are consistent with reason and common sense.

EXTRACT FROM THE INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

Of the hon. JAMES WILSON, L. L. D. professor of law in the college of Philadelphia.—Published by T. Dobson, price three eighths of a dollar.

ME THINKS I hear one of the female part of my audience exclaim—what is all this to us? We have heard much of societies, of states, of governments, of laws, and of a law education. Is every thing made for your sex? Why should not we have a share? Is our sex less honest, or less virtuous, or less wise than yours?

Will any of my brethren be kind enough to furnish me with answers to these questions? I must answer them, it seems, myself: and I mean to answer them most sincerely.

Your sex is neither less honest, nor less virtuous, nor less wise than ours. With regard to the two first of these qualities, a superiority, on our part, will not be pretended: with regard to the last, a pretension of superiority cannot be supported.

I will name three women; and I will then challenge any of my brethren to name three men superior to them in vigour and extent of abilities. My female champions are, Semiramis of Niniveh, Zenobia the queen of the east, and Elizabeth of England. I believe, it will readily be owned, that three men of superior active talents cannot be named.

You will please, however, to take notice, that the issue, upon which I put the characters of these three ladies, is not, that they were accomplished—it is, that they were able, women.

This distinction immediately reminds you, that a woman may be an able, without being an accomplished, female character.

In this latter view, I did not produce the three female characters I have mentioned. I produced them as women, merely of distinguished abilities—of abilities equal to those displayed by the most able of our sex.

But would you wish to be tried by the qualities of our sex? I will refer you to a more proper standard—that of your own.

All the three able characters, I have mentioned, had, I think, too much of the masculine in them. Perhaps I can conjecture the reason. Might it not be owing, in a great measure—might it not be owing altogether, to the masculine employments, to which they devoted themselves?

Two of them were able warriors: all of them were able queens; but in all all of them, we feel and we regret the loss of the lovely and accomplished woman: and, let me assure you, that, in the estimation of our sex, the loss of the lovely and accomplished woman is irreparable, even when she is lost in the queen.

For these reasons, I doubt much, whether it would be proper, that you should undertake the management of public affairs. You have, indeed, heard much of public government and public law: but these things were not made for themselves: they were made for something better; and of that something better, you form the better part—I mean society—I mean particularly domestic society: there the lovely and accomplished woman shines with superior lustre.

By some politicians, society has been considered as only the scaffolding of government; very improperly, in my judgment. In the just order of things, government is the scaffolding of society: and if society could be built and kept entire without government, the scaffolding might be thrown down without the least inconvenience or cause of regret.

Government is, indeed, highly necessary; but it is highly necessary to a fallen state. Had man continued innocent, society, without the aids of government, would have shed its benign influence even over the bowers of paradise.

For those bowers, how finely was you sex adapted! But let it be observed, that every thing else was finished, before heaven's "last best gift" was introduced: let it be also observed, that, in the pure and perfect commencement of society, there was a striking difference between the only two persons, who composed it. His "large, fair front and eye sublime" declared, that "for contemplation and for valour he was formed."

"For softness, she, and sweet attractive grace:
Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye;
In every gesture dignity and love.
A thousand decencies, unceasing, flow'd
From all her words and actions, mixt with—
—— mild compliance."

Her accomplishments indicated her destination. Female beauty is the expression of female virtue. The purest complexion, the finest features, the most elegant shape are uninteresting and insipid, unless we can discover, by them, the emotions of the mind. How beautiful and engaging, on the other hand, are the features, the looks, and the gestures, while they disclose modesty, sensibility, and every sweet and tender affection! When these appear, there is a "soul upon the countenance."

These observations enhance the value of beauty; and show, that to possess and to admire it, is to possess and to admire the exhibition of the finest qualities, intellectual and moral. These observations do more. They show how beauty may be acquired, and improved, and preserved. When the beauties of the mind are cultivated, the countenance becomes beautifully eloquent in expressing them.

I know very well, that mere complexion and shape enter into the composition of beauty: but they form beauty only of a lower order. Separate them from animation—separate them from sensibility—separate them from virtue: what are they? The ingredients that compose a beautiful picture, or a beautiful statue. I

say too much: for the painters and the statuaries know, that expression is the soul of mimic, as well as of real life.

As complexion and shape will not supply the place of the higher orders of beauty; so those higher orders have an independent existence, after the inferior influence of complexion and shape is gone. Though the bloom of youth be faded—though the impressions of time be distinctly marked;—yet, while the countenance continues to be enlivened by the beaming emanations of the mind, it will produce, in every beholder, possessed of sensibility and taste, an effect far more pleasing, and far more lasting, than can be produced by the prettiest piece of uninformed nature, however florid, however regular, and however young.

How many purposes may be served at once, if things be done in the proper way! I have been giving a recipe for the improvement and preservation of female beauty: but I find, that I have, at the same time, been delivering instructions for the culture and refinement of female virtue; and have been pointing at the important purposes, which female virtue is fitted and intended to accomplish.

If nature evince her designs by her works—you were destined to embellish, to refine, and to exalt the pleasures and virtues of social life.

To protect and to improve social life, is, as we have seen, the end of government and law. If, therefore, you have no share in the formation, you have a most intimate connexion with the effects of a good system of law and government.

That plan of education, which will produce, or promote, or preserve such a system, is, consequently, an object to you peculiarly important.

But if you would see such a plan carried into complete effect, you must, my amiable hearers, give it your powerful assistance. The pleasing task of forming your daughters, is almost solely yours. In my plan of education for your sons, I must solicit you to co-operate. Their virtues, in a certain proportion—the refinement of their virtues, in a much greater proportion—must be moulded on your example.

In your sex, too, there is a natural, an easy, and, often, a pure flow of diction, which is the best foundation of eloquence, in a free country—so important to ours.

The style of some of the finest orators of antiquity was originally formed on that of their mothers, or of other ladies, to whose acquaintance they had the honour of being introduced.

I have already mentioned the two Scævolæ among the illustrious Roman characters. One of them was married to Lælia, a lady, whose virtues and accomplishments rendered her one of the principal ornaments of Rome. She possessed the elegance of language in so eminent a degree, that the first speakers of the age were ambitious of her company. The graces of her unstudied elocution were the purest model, by which they could refine their own.

Cicero was in the number of those, who improved by the privilege of her conversation. In his writings he speaks in terms of the warmest praise, concerning her singular talents: he mentions also the conversation of her daughters and grand-daughters, as deserving particular notice.

The province of early education by the female sex was deemed, in Rome, an employment of so much dignity, that ladies of the first rank did not disdain it. We find the names of Aurelia and Attia, the mothers of Julius Cæsar and of Augustus, enumerated in the list of these honourable patronesses of education.

The example of the highly-accomplished Cornelia, the daughter of the great Africanus, and the mother of the Gracchi, deserves uncommon attention. She shone with singular lustre, in all those endowments and virtues that can dignify the female character.

She was, one day, visited by a lady of Campania, who was extremely fond of dress and ornament. This lady, after having displayed some very rich jewels

of her own, expressed a wish to be favoured with the view of those which Cornelia had; expecting to see some very superb ones in the toilet of a lady of such distinguished birth and character. Cornelia diverred the conversation, till her sons came into the room: "These are my jewels," said she, presenting them to the Campanian lady.

Cicero had seen her letters: his expressions concerning them are very remarkable. "I have read," says he, "the letters of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; and it appears, that her sons were not so much nourished by the milk, as formed by the stile of their mother*."

You see now, my fair and amiable hearers, how deeply and nearly interested you are in a plan of law education. By some of you, whom I know to be well qualified for taking in it the share, which I have described, that share will be taken. By the younger part of you, the good effects of such a plan, will, I hope, be participated: for those of my pupils, who themselves shall become most estimable, will treat you with the highest degree of estimation.

NOTE.

* Legimus epistolas Corneliæ matris Gracchorum: apparet filios non tam in gremio educatos, quam in fermone matris. Cic. de clar. orat. c. 58.

THE ANECDOTIST. No. II.

WHEN Mr. Paine, the author of Common Sense, was in Paris, in 1780, he was one day in a large circle of ladies and gentlemen of the first quality, where American manufactures were the topic of conversation. The company affected to despise them—while Mr. Paine was their strenuous advocate. At length he became so warm on the subject, that he pushed back his chair, and holding up his leg among the ladies, cried out: "Look here, ladies, look here!—Here is a pair of Germantown stockings, and Philadelphia shoes: I have worn them now three months: and I wish I may never wear shoe nor stocking again, if they be not as sound and as firm as the hour I first put them on."

SOMETIME after the conclusion of the late war, a young American was present in a British play-house, where an interlude was performed in ridicule of his countrymen. A number of American officers being introduced in tattered uniforms, and barefoot, the question was put to them severally—What was your *trade* before you entered into the army?—One answered, a *taylor*, another, a *cobler*, &c.—The wit of the piece was to banter them for not keeping themselves clothed and shod; but before that could be expressed, the American exclaimed from the gallery—"Great-Britain beaten by taylors and coblers!—Huzza!"—Even the prime minister, who was present, could not help smiling, amidst a general peal of laughter.

TWO gentlemen discoursing in a public company, one of them observed that the disorder, called the *king's evil*, was very uncommon in this country. "True," replies the other, "the *king's evil* seldom rages in a *republican government*."

AT a musical country meeting, a vocal performer (who was rather shabbily dressed about his *under garments*) being complimented on the power of his voice, vainly threw up his head, and replied: "O Lord, sir, I can *make any thing of it*." "Can you indeed?" said a wit in the company: "why then I'd advise you to *make yourself a pair of breeches of it*."

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Some account of the shape, manners and customs of the Hottentots. From Sparman's voyage to the cape of Good Hope.

THEY are as tall as most Europeans; and generally more slender, occasioned by their being more stinted and curtailed in their food, and likewise from their not accustoming themselves to hard labour. But the smallness of their hands and feet, in proportion to the other parts of their bodies, has never been remarked before, and may, perhaps, be considered as a characteristic mark of this nation.

The root of the nose is generally very low, by which means the distance between the eyes appears to be greater than in Europeans. The tip of the nose is likewise pretty flat. The iris is scarcely ever of a light colour, but has a dark brown cast, which sometimes approaches to black.

Their skin is of a yellowish brown colour, which somewhat resembles that of an European, with a high degree of the jaundice: however, this colour is not in the least observable in the whites of the eyes. Thick lips are not so common among the Hottentots as among their neighbours the Negroes, the Caffres, and the Mozambiques. In fine, their mouths are of a middle size, and are generally furnished with a set of the finest teeth that can be seen; and, taken along with all their features, as well as their shape, carriage, and every motion, in short their *tout ensemble* indicates health and content, or at least an appearance of *sans souci*. At the same time, this careless mien discovers evident signs both of alacrity and resolution; qualities which even the Hottentots can occasionally shew.

One would imagine their heads were covered with a black, though not very close frizzled kind of wool, if its natural harshness did not evince, that it was hair, more woolly if possible, than that of the negroes. If in other respects there should, by great accident, be observed any marks of a beard, or of hair on any other parts of their bodies, such as are seen on Europeans, it is, however, very trifling, and commonly of the same sort as that on their head*.

Their painting consists in besmearing their bodies all over most copiously with grease, in which there is mixed up a little foot. This is never wiped off; on the contrary, I never saw them use any thing to clean their skins, except when, in greasing the wheels of their waggons, their hands were besmeared with tar and pitch, they used to get it off very easily with cowdung, at the same time rubbing their arms up to the shoulders with this cosmetic: so that as the dust and other filth, together with their sooty ointment and the sweat of their bodies, must consequently notwithstanding it is continually wearing off, in some measure adhere to the skin, it contributes not a little to conceal the natural hue of the latter, and at the same time to change it from a bright umber brown, to a brownish yellow colour, obscured with filth and nastiness.

I have been enabled to determine the natural complexion of the Hottentots to be of an umber-brown colour, merely from the scrupulous nicety of some few farmers' wives, who made one or two of their Hottentot girls scower their skins, that they might not be too filthy to look after their children, or to do any other business that required cleanliness.

Many of the colonists assert, that by this scowering and washing, the Hottentots' looks are not at all improved. They seem to think that their natural un-

NOTE.

* Here dr. Sparman enters into a refutation of the vulgar error, respecting the peculiarity in the conformation of the female Hottentots. The impossibility of expressing his ideas in any language fit for the perusal of our readers, obliges us to omit the detail: we shall only mention the doctor's concluding declaration, that "the Hottentot women have no parts but what are common to the rest of the sex."

berbrowne hue is as disagreeable as that which is produced by their besmearing themselves; and that a besmeared Hottentot looks less naked, as it were, and more complete, than one in his natural state; and that the skin of a Hottentot, not greased, seems to exhibit some defect in dress, like shoes that want blacking, &c. Whether this fancy is most founded in custom or in the nature of things, I shall leave for the determination of others.

Besides the great pleasure the Hottentots feel in besmearing their bodies from head to foot, they likewise perfume themselves with a powder of herbs, with which they powder both their heads and bodies, rubbing it in all over them when they besmear themselves.

The Hottentots, with their skins besmeared with grease and foot, and buckupowder, are by this means in a great measure defended from the influence of the air, and may in some measure reckon themselves full dressed. In other respects, both men and women appear quite undressed; indeed, I may say naked, except a trifling covering, with which they always conceal certain parts of their bodies.

Among the Hottentots, as well as in all probability among the rest of mankind spread over the whole globe, we must acknowledge the fair sex to be the most modest; for the females of this nation, cover themselves much more scrupulously than the men. They seldom content themselves with one covering, but almost universally have two, and very often three. These are formed from a prepared and well greased skin, and are fastened about their bodies with a thong, almost like our ladies' aprons. The outermost is always the largest, measuring from about six to twelve inches over. This is likewise generally the finest and most showy, and often adorned with glass beads strung in different figures, in a manner that shows even amongst the unpolished Hottentots, the superior neatness of the fair sex in works of ornament, as well as their powers of invention and their disposition to set off their persons to the best advantage.

The outer apron, which is chiefly intended for show and parade, reaches about half way down the thighs. The middle one is about a third, or one half less, and is said by them to be requisite by way of reserve, and as an additional entrenchment of modesty, when their gala-garment is laid aside. The third, or innermost, is scarcely larger than one's hand. All these aprons, however, even that which is decorated with beads, are not less besmeared and greasy than their bodies.

It was probably some of these aprons, particularly the innermost, which misled the reverend jesuit, TACHARD, who, on his return to Europe, first propagated those stories concerning the excrescences of the Hottentot women. These females, likewise, are careful (considering it as a matter of decency) to pull their aprons tight about them, so as to reach under them when sitting.

The garment worn by the Hottentots for covering their bodies, is a sheep-skin with the woolly side turned inwards; this pelisse, or else a cloak made of some smaller fur, is tied forwards over the breast. When the weather is not cold, they let it hang loose over their shoulders in a careless manner, when it reaches down to the calves of the legs, leaving the lower parts of the breast, stomach, and fore parts of the thighs and legs bare: but in cold and rainy weather they wrap it round them; so that the fore part of their body is also in some measure, covered with it as far as to the knees.

A single skin being insufficient for this purpose, a piece is sewed, or rather fastened on with a thong, sinew, or catgut, to the top on each side. In warmer weather, they sometimes wear this cloak, with the hairy side outwards; but in that case, they oftener take it off entirely, and carry it on their arms. The Hottentots in general, do not burden themselves with a great many changes of these cloaks, but content themselves with one, which serves at the same time for

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clothing and bedding; and in this they lie on the bare ground, drawing themselves up in a heap so close, especially when the weather is cold, that this *karofs* (as they call it) is fully sufficient to cover them.

The cloak, or *karofs*, which is used by the women, for the same purpose differs from those used by the men in no other respect, than that the women have a long peak to their *karosses*, which they turn up, forming a hood or little pouch, with the hairy side inwards. In this they carry their little children, to whom they now and then throw the breast over their shoulders; a practice that likewise prevails with some other nations.

The Hottentots never adorn their ears with any pendant or other ornament hanging from them, any more than the nose, as they both are among other savages; this latter, however, is sometimes by way of greater state, marked with a black streak of soot, or, more rarely indeed, with a large spot of red-lead: of which latter, on high days and holidays, they also put a little on their cheeks.

The lower part of the body is the principal place on which both sexes, by more showy decorations, seemingly wish to fix each other's attention. For though they very much fancy, and consequently purchase the glass beads of Europe, especially the blue and white ones of the size of a pea, yet the women seldom, and the men never, wear them about their necks; though both sexes tie one or more rows of these beads round their middle, next the girdle to which the coverings or aprons before mentioned are fastened.

Another ornament in use among both sexes, is rings on their legs and arms. Most of these rings are made of thick leather straps, generally cut in circular shape, which, by being beat and held over the fire, are rendered tough enough to retain the curvature, that is given them. It is these rings that have given rise to the almost universally received notion, that the Hottentots wrap guts about their legs, in order to eat them occasionally. The men have from one to five or six of these rings on their arms, just above the wrist, but seldom any on their legs. The matrons of a high rank very often have a considerable number of them both on their legs and arms, especially on the former, so that they are covered with them from their feet up to their knees. These rings are of various thickneses, viz. sometimes of that of a goose-quill, and sometimes two or three times that size. Now and then they are made of pieces of leather, forming one entire ring, so that the feet and arms must be put through them when the wearer wishes to put them on. They are strung on the legs, small and great, one with another, without any peculiar nicety; and are so much larger than the legs, as to shake off and get twisted, when the wearer walks, or is any way in motion.

It may easily be imagined, that these rings give the good Hottentot matrons a world of trouble, as well in the wear as in the preparation; and at the same time are not a little clumsy and ponderous, not to mention several other inconveniencies. But such is the peculiar turn of mankind, that from the Hottentot, equally unconstrained as rude in his manners, to those nations which carry the arts and sciences to the highest degree of perfection, people are universally apt to fall into such modes of dress, as are not only useless, but likewise in a great measure confine their limbs and bodies.



Calamitous events entertaining to the mind.—By the reverend Joseph Lathrop, of Springfield, Massachusetts.

THE complaint which people sometimes make, "that the newspapers are less entertaining, than they were in the time of the war," has often led me to think of the wonderful frame of our nature, which is much more delighted in reading of calamitous, than of prosperous events. This proceeds not from malice, but from nature. It is experienced, not merely by the envious, but by the

benevolent, who would ardently have wished such calamities never to have befallen their fellow-creatures. Since the war is ended, there are few of those grand and striking events, which agitate the passions, stretch the imagination, and swell the mind; of consequence, a newspaper is less entertaining, though it may be as really useful, and contribute as much, or more, to the promotion of knowledge and virtue. Happy times are barren: calamitous periods only are fruitful of interesting materials for histories and gazettes. Those are the poorest times to read of, which are the best to live in. One who reads the history of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I. feels every human passion moved by turns: but when he sits down to read a quiet and peaceful reign, he yawns over his page. Descriptions of prosperity touch faintly; a portrait of misfortune and distress moves powerfully. Let a gazette come out filled with the finest descriptions of the prosperous circumstances of some neighbouring state, such as general health, growing trade, plentiful harvests, internal peace and union, and prevailing virtue—it is read almost with indifference, and thrown by, as a frigid paper. Let the next gazette give a contrast to this, in the condition of some other state, and inform us, that a new distemper has broken out, and in a few days carried off a third of the people; that the crops have so generally failed, that there is not bread for a tenth of the inhabitants, and a dreadful famine already rages; that an earthquake has swallowed up the metropolis; that several towns have been overwhelmed by an inundation of the sea, which rose several feet higher than was ever known; that a furious hurricane has rushed through the country, swept down whole forests, and levelled to the ground every building in its course; that trade is annihilated, and government is dissolved; and, to complete this complicated scene of distress, a civil war has burst forth, and the collected strength of the contending parties has been tried in a bloody battle, fought with such equal and desperate obstinacy, that three quarters of both armies, were left on the field—This gazette would deeply engage the attention, be read over and over again, and pronounced a very valuable paper; and we should wait with anxiety for a more particular account.

Scenes of uncommon distress call our attention, and move our passions, more powerfully than scenes of joy. Let an assembly be collected, to hear a concert of music performed by the most celebrated musicians; and in the midst of the entertainment, let it be whispered round, that some tragical scene has been just acted in a neighbouring house—the assembly would instantly abandon the charms of music, to entertain themselves with this horrid and gloomy scene. As we are placed in a social connexion, so it was the intention of the Creator, that we should contribute to the promotion of each other's happiness, and the relief of each other's misfortunes: for this reason, we are so framed as to take some share, both in the happiness and misery of our fellow creatures. It is more in our power to cause, or to prevent, the misery of others, than it is to promote their positive happiness: and therefore we are so framed, that our compassion for distress is more sensible and lively than our sympathetic joy for the prosperity of others. The pleasure one conceives, on hearing that his friend had an estate fallen to him, is in no measure equal to the pain of hearing, that he has lost the estate which he had before. It would be unsafe, that mankind should have it in their power to hurt each other, if there were no principle, to restrain the abuse of it; and a power, to relieve distress, would be useless, if there were no principle, to prompt the exertion of it. In order to our relieving distress, it is usually necessary, that we should be near to the sufferer: and therefore the Author of nature has so framed us, that, by a natural impulse, we run to scenes of misery, and visit the places of recent misfortune. It is from the same natural principle, that we read a history of calamitous, with more avidity, than one of prosperous times; and that a gazette, in a time of war, is more entertaining, than in a time

of peace. What we are apt to call a dull newspaper, should remind us of our happiness, in having fallen into peaceful times. Our minds, now less employed about our own and others' misfortunes, are more at liberty to attend to the improvement of arts, the advancement of knowledge, and the culture of virtue; to which purposes a periodical publication will be very subservient, if the publisher receives proper aid and encouragement.

On appearing what we neither are, nor wish to be.*

THE universal desire of appearing what we are not, has been a common theme with all writers: but while its prevalence convinces us, that it is in some measure natural to man, the variety of examples, which may hourly be adduced, will justify the repeated mention of so hacknied a subject. We not only see people of all descriptions striving to impose on others, a belief of their own riches, virtue, importance, or understanding; but actually struggling to appear happy in the midst of misery, and cheerfully contented with a lot, which they are for ever wishing and endeavouring to render less irksome.

What heightens the absurdity of this conduct, is, an attempt in some men to impose an appearance of happiness from the possession of qualities, which they really do not even wish to possess. Such is the character of Charles Easy, who pretends never to be moved by the objects around him, who publicly despises the influence of the passions, and ridicules the idea of feeling for another's concerns. He insinuates, that to be anxious for what does not immediately relate to a man's own self, is ridiculous, and beneath the dignity of a rational being; but maintains, that a man of moderate fortune may pass through life without trouble, and without anxiety, if he can acquire perfect indifference; and he is for ever labouring to convince his friends, that he possesses this quality in the highest degree. I have many years been intimate with Charles: and a short acquaintance discovered the contradictions of his life and professions. He has a heart to feel what his pride endeavours to disguise: and his honest commiseration breaks forth in the midst of his counterfeit indifference. I have seen him suddenly arise with an air of assumed insensibility at the recital of a tender tale, to hide the tear that glistened in his eye. If the distress of any human being be related in his presence, he will coldly reply, that "people are apt to make the most of such things:" but having artfully become informed of the scene of wretchedness, I have occasionally detected him in the act of visiting and relieving the unfortunate sufferers, while he excused his tenderness, by a careless avowal of mere curiosity: nor are his attentions confined to those of his own species only; for I once saw him eagerly spring forth to deliver a fly from the cruel gripe of a spider: yet when I commended his humanity, he assured me, that the only motive for his conduct, was the dissonant buzzing of the captive animal. Thus does my friend pass his life in contriving excuses for being actuated by the brightest ornament of human nature; and prides himself in a dissembled indifference, which he knows he should be miserable in really possessing.

On the contrary, old Allshew is continually preaching up the charms of benevolence; and asserts, that all happiness consists in good nature, which, he says, includes every thing that is meant by the charity of christians, and the philanthropy of heathen philosophers; yet is this man a slave to envy, to resentment, and to spleen; imperious to his family—cruel to his dependents—and quarrelsome to his acquaintance; continually lamenting the insults of the world, and the malignity of others—and professing, that he alone is happy, by the habit of putting favourable constructions on premeditated affronts, and parrying insults

NOTE.

* From Variety; a collection of essays, lately published in London.

by the guard of good nature; yet do his captiousness, his insolence, and his pride, expose him to attacks, which his implacable resentment converts to never-ceasing hatred.

Squire Big is conscious that he left the country in which his family had long resided, because the neighbourhood refused him that respect, to which neither his rank, fortune, nor understanding, had ever entitled him; yet is he continually boasting of influence, which he dare not return to exert, and of importance which he never means to resume; solicitous to impress on others a sense of his own consequence, and to convince the world, that he is some body when at home; while he is consuming with melancholy at his own insignificance, and only exists, to disguise the fatal truth, that he is actually no body any where.

Poor Ned Cramp is a good-natured thoughtless fellow, who has squandered away a small fortune to make the world think he had a large one. He talks of money in the funds which he has long sold out; and laments the tardiness of tenants, whose rents he long since assigned to satisfy his creditors. He is constantly advising with his friends how to put out sums on the best security, while he is actually borrowing money at exorbitant interest. He talks of prudence and economy "as things well enough for people in narrow circumstances;" but thanks heaven, "he has no need of such virtues to secure the permanency of his happiness;" nor is he induced to impose on others to support a false credit, or to indulge extravagance, but to gratify the vain desire of being thought a moneyed man. Thus does he waste his days in misery, that he may be deemed happy; and will end them in poverty, that he may be esteemed affluent.

Doctor D—— has but one topic in all companies: a few minutes conversation will bring round his favourite subject; and you will soon discover, that implicit obedience in a wife, and the strictest subordination to her husband, constitute all his ideas of domestic happiness. His greatest glory seems to arise from the consciousness, that he is absolute master in his own family: of this boasted superiority his friends can seldom bear witness; for he rarely invites them to his house. Having dined there lately, I perceived his reason; for during the repast, while he was constantly engaged in asserting his authority, his wife was as anxious to dispute it: and the comforts of conviviality were banished by this domestic contention, which gradually increased, till the lady left the table. However, the doctor triumphed in this victory. I could discover that he dreaded she would return to the combat, and that the suspension of hostilities would end with my visit.

There can be no situation, however elevated, that will ensure continual happiness; nor any so abject, as to be without enjoyment. Indeed, happiness and misery seem so necessarily united, that they are equally dispersed through all ranks of society. And though we cannot persuade ourselves we are content or happy, we wish to conceal from others every appearance to the contrary. We derive happiness from being thought to possess it; and comfort ourselves in wretchedness, if we can disguise it from others.

I shall conclude my examples of seeming contentment with a letter from one, who can have little reason to disguise the sense of his melancholy situation: it is from a criminal under sentence of twelve months confinement in a solitary cell of a county prison. He is without friends, without property, without character, and without any necessary of life, except the scanty allowance which hard labour procures, amidst the horrors of a dungeon: yet he wrote the following letter, and delivered it to the keeper, to be forwarded to a brother at a distance.

"Dear Jack,

"This comes with my kind love, hoping it will find you in good health and spirits, as it leaves me at this present writing, thanks to nobody for it. I live in a pleasant part of the country here, and only for the distance between us, not so much amiss. The people are not over and above sociable, and so I never mixes

with none of 'em. Work is in great plenty here, and provisions cost us nothing. The house I live in is newly built, and they say 'tis one of the best of the sort in all England; for they can make up better than forty separate bed-rooms every night. I was sorry to hear poor Bob was catched-out last affizes: but no matter for that; they say Botany-Bay is a rare country, and worth while to go on purpose to see, for 'tis quite another world. And so hoping we may all go there one time or other, this concludes me, dear Jack,

Your's till death,

TOM FILCH."

P. S. Direct to me, at A**** Bridewell, where I have fallen into 'f job of work, that will hold me the best part of next winter.

Curio—a character, by miss Bowdler.

"**T**IS his way," said Alcander, as Curio went out of the room: "indeed, my friend, you must not mind it; he is an honest fellow, as ever lived."

"It may be so," replied Hilario, "but really his honesty is nothing to me: and had he picked my pocket, and conversed with good humour, I should have spent a much more agreeable evening. He has done nothing, but vent his spleen against the world, and contradict every thing, that was said: and you would have me bear with all this, because he does not deserve to be hanged!"

"Indeed," said Alcander, "you do not know him. With all his roughness, he has a worthy, benevolent heart. His family and friends must bear with the little peculiarities of his temper; for, in essential things, he is always ready to do them service: and I will venture to say, he would bestow his last shilling to assist them in distress. I remember, a few weeks ago, I met him, on the road, in a violent rage with his servant, because he had neglected some trifle he expected him to have done; nothing he did, could please him afterwards; and the poor fellow's patience was almost exhausted, so that he was very near giving him warning. Soon after, the servant's horse threw him, and he was very dangerously hurt. Curio immediately ran to him—carried him home in his arms—sent for the best assistance—and attended him constantly himself, to see that he wanted for nothing. He paid the whole expense: and as he has never recovered so far, as to be able to do his work, as he did before, Curio has taken care to spare him on every occasion; and has increased his wages, that he may be able to afford the little indulgencies he wants."

"How lucky it was," replied Hilario, "that the poor fellow happened to meet with this terrible accident: for otherwise he would never have known, that he had a good master; but might have gone to his grave, with the opinion, that he was an ill-natured churl, who cared for nobody but himself. The other day, I met one of his nephews, who had just been at dinner with him; the young fellow was come to town, from college, for a few days, and had been to visit his uncle; but happening unfortunately to be dressed for an assembly, the old gentleman was displeased with his appearance, and began railing at the vices and follies of the age, as if his nephew had been deeply engaged in them, though I believe no one is less inclined to them; but every thing he did or said, was wrong, through the whole day: and, as he has really a respect for his uncle, he came away quite dejected and mortified at his treatment of him."

"And a few days after," replied Alcander, "when that nephew called to take leave of him, he slipped bank notes for four hundred dollars into his hand, at parting, to pay the expenses of his journey; and ran out of the room, to avoid receiving his thanks for them."

"So then," returned Hilario, "if the young man be of a sordid disposition,

and thinks money better than friendship, good-humour, and all the amiable qualities which render life agreeable, he has reason to be perfectly satisfied with his uncle : if he is not, the old gentleman has done his part, to make him so, by shewing him, that according to his notions, kindness consists in giving money. For my part, if ever I should be a beggar, or break my bones, I may perhaps be glad to meet with your friend again : but as I hope, neither of those things are ever likely to happen to me, I am by no means ambitious of the honour of his acquaintance : his good qualities are nothing to me : and his bad ones are a plague to all, who come in his way."

"One may bear with them," replied Alcander, "where there is so much real worth. The whole world could not bribe that man to do a base action."

"So much the better for him," returned Hilario ; "but really, as I said before, it is nothing to me : and after all, whatever excuses your good-nature may find for him, there must be something wrong in the heart, where the manners are so unbecoming."

"He has not a good temper," said Alcander : "and every man has not the same command over himself ; but indeed he has a good heart : and if you knew him, as well as I do, you must love him, with all his oddities."

"His oddities are quite enough for me," returned Hilario : "and I desire to know no more of him ; he might make me esteem him ; but he could never make me love him. And it is very unpleasant to feel one of these, where one cannot feel the other."

Alcander could not but be sensible of the truth of many of Hilario's observations ; he sighed in secret, for the friend, whose good qualities he valued, and whose foibles gave him pain ; and could Curio have known what his friend felt for him at that moment, it might have gone farther, than all he ever read, or thought, upon the subject, towards correcting a fault, for which he often blamed himself, but which he still continued to indulge, and to imagine himself unable to subdue.

Perhaps neither of the parties, concerned in this dispute, were well qualified to judge as to the subject of it. Esteem and regard influenced the one, and added strength to his good-nature ; while the other, whose patience was wearied out by the ill-humours of a stranger, of whose merits he was ignorant, was naturally disposed to view them in an unfavourable light. But such a conversation must induce every indifferent person to reflect on the important disadvantages of a quality, which could oblige a friend to blush for the person he esteemed, and could, at first sight, make an enemy of a man, by no means wanting in good-nature—who came into company, with a disposition to please, and to be pleased—and whose disgust was occasioned by a disappointment in that aim.

Can such a quality be a matter of little consequence, which those, who are punctual in their duty in more essential points, may be permitted to neglect ? Can it be a disposition, so strongly implanted in the heart of any man, that his utmost efforts cannot conquer it ? The first supposition might furnish an excuse for giving way to any fault ; since all may fancy, they have virtues to counterbalance it. The latter would reduce us almost to mere machines, and discourage every effort to reform, and improve the heart, without which, no real and solid virtue can be attained.

Essay on the influence of religion in civil society. By the rev. Thomas Reese, A. M. pastor of the presbyterian church at Salem in South Carolina. Written anno 1785.—Continued from Vol. VIII. Page 269.

NUMBER XI.

III. **T**HAT strict justice, which the precepts of christianity enjoin, is of the greatest importance to civil government.

The practice of justice is essential, not only to the happiness, but to the existence of civil society. The social union cannot subsist without some degree of it. It is the proper, and, in a large sense, one might venture to say, the only object of civil laws. But although human laws be, in a manner, wholly occupied in preventing or punishing injustice, there are innumerable instances of it, which they can by no means reach. Experience daily teaches us, how easy it is, for men of crafty and designing natures, to evade the force of laws. The most flagrant acts of injustice may be committed, and the most scandalous frauds carried on, under umbrage of the best human laws. An artful villain may rob the widow and the fatherless, and be guilty of the most cruel oppressions; and yet "so deeply intrench himself behind the *letter of the law*, and so well fortify himself with *cases and reports*, that there is no coming at him." It is needless to enlarge here. Every one, who will give himself the trouble of thinking on this subject, must be sensible, that the commerce of men, in a state of society, admits of so many different modifications, and that so many unexpected circumstances often arise, from the various methods of acquiring and transferring property, that no laws can be framed so as to comprehend every case which may occur. This shows the imperfection of civil laws, even with respect to those things, which are most in their power; and at the same time demonstrates the importance of religion to enforce the observance of strict justice.

The precepts of christianity require the strictest regard to justice, in all its branches. All those acts of fraud and injustice, which are prohibited by the laws of society, are also prohibited by the precepts of our religion. The christian, therefore, who is influenced by those precepts, is under a two-fold obligation, to restrain him from all acts of injustice: one, arising from the laws of his country—the other, from the laws of his religion: and the latter not only tends to facilitate the execution of the former, but often prevents the necessity of their exertion. He, who is bound by the obligation of religion, superadded to that of human laws, is more likely to practise the rules of justice, than he who is influenced only by a regard to those laws.

But this is not all—Our religion goes further, and extends to all those acts of injustice, which are beyond the reach of human laws, and cannot be punished by them. That these are numerous, even where justice is most carefully and impartially administered, is matter of universal experience. And that they are injurious to civil government, by creating the bitterest animosities among fellow-citizens—stirring up strife, malice, hatred—and so destroying that mutual love and confidence, which are necessary to hold men together in the social state, is too plain, to need any proof. As far, therefore, as christianity restrains men from these acts of injustice, so far it must tend to the benefit of society.

The precepts of christianity, which respect the practice of justice, are given in the most universal terms—"Whatsoever things are just"—these the christian is commanded to practise—"All things, whatsoever ye would, that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."—This precept of our Saviour, on account of its excellence, is called the golden rule. It is concise, and easily remembered; plain and easily understood; comprehensive, and, with proper modifications, applies to all men, at all times, and in all circumstances. It is a portable directory, if I may so express it, which every man may carry in his own breast. It is an unanswerable appeal to the feelings of every man, and carries immediate conviction to the mind; enforcing and awakening, by the authority of heaven, those natural sentiments of justice, which are engraved on our hearts. He, who believes the divine authority, and duly feels the force of these, and such-like precepts of our religion, will pay a sacred regard to the practice of justice in its various branches. He will be honest and upright in all his dealings, faithful to his trust, and give to every man his due. Where the laws are silent,

he finds a rule of right, and standard of equity, in his own breast, which points out the fair line of conduct he ought to pursue. He will not impose upon the ignorance and simplicity, or take advantage of the open and unsuspecting temper, of his neighbour. He does not lie in wait, to seize every open door, which the imperfection of civil laws may give him, to invade the property of others. It is not enough for him, that he can evade the force of civil laws, and escape punishment from men, while the laws of religion, and his own conscience, condemn him of injustice. His fair, open, and upright mind abhors all those little low acts of chicane and knavery, which those, who regulate their conduct only by human laws, so often employ, to over-reach, rob, and ruin the honest and the unwary. He has a higher standard, and a more accurate rule of action, which restrains him from all unfair and fraudulent dealings, all dishonest shifts, and unequitable subterfuges. If such a temper as this, were generally prevalent among us, what desirable effects would it produce! How much would it tend to promote peace and concord—and, of consequence, the happiness of our states! We would not then see so many disputes about property, and so much money given to the gentlemen of the bar, to decide our quarrels; nor hear so many curses poured out upon them. If the precepts of christianity had that influence upon us, which their excellence naturally leads us to expect, there would be little need of that order of men, who are now so generally—I will not say, how justly—the objects of envy and execration among us. Were I permitted to speak my mind freely on this subject, I would say, that, generally speaking, people ought to blame themselves, for suffering these men to drain them of their cash. If they were of that temper, which becometh christians, they would not so frequently fall into contentions, or they would take some other method of compromising them, which might be more cheap and eligible. They might refer the decision of them to a few honest and impartial neighbours, who are acquainted with the merits of the cause; which they are often obliged to do, after they have spent their time, and emptied their purses by a tedious suit at law.

But I have not room here, to point out the many happy consequences, which would flow from that strict regard to the practice of justice, that our religion inculcates. Leaving the judicious reader to trace them in his own mind, I proceed to make some observations, concerning that religious adherence to truth, which the precepts of christianity enjoin. This is an important branch of justice, and very properly comes in here.

How excellent soever the rules may be, which the heathen moralists have laid down, for the practice of justice, they appear to have been very defective in this particular. It is not easy, indeed, to reconcile them to each other, or even to themselves on this point. Plato in some places condemns lying; in others, he seems plainly to approve of it. But the most general opinion, as far as I can find from their writings, was, that lies are admissible, where there is a prospect of advantage*. At least all their most eminent philosophers held it as an undoubted maxim, that it was lawful, and even a duty, to lie for the public good.

NOTE.

* "He may lie," says Plato, "who knows how to do it in a fit season." To the same purpose Menander, Proclus and Herodotus. "There is nothing comely in truth," says Maximus Tyrius, "but when it is profitable. And sometimes a lie profits, and truth hurts men." "Plato and the Stoics framed a kind of sophistical distinction on this head, making a difference between lying in words, and in the soul, or with assent to a falsehood. The wise man was admitted to lie craftily, and with a prospect of gain; but not to embrace falsehood through ignorance." What a door such doctrines open to fraud and deceit, and how destructive they are of confidence among men, is sufficiently evident.

Cicero is so clear in this, upon the authority of Plato, that he pronounces it *nefas*, a horrid wickedness, not to do it. This conclusion arose from another equally false, namely, that truth and general utility do not coincide.

Christianity grants no such licence; but condemns every species of falsehood, and inculcates the most sacred regard to truth, in all circumstances whatsoever.—"Lie not one to another. Putting away lying, speak every man the truth with his neighbour."—I suppose it will be readily acknowledged, that a strict adherence to truth, especially in such promises and declarations, as respect the interest of others, is of no small consequence to society. It certainly tends to beget and maintain that mutual confidence, which has been always reckoned one principal bond of the social union.—This is evident from the pernicious effects, which we daily experience from an opposite conduct. Nothing has a greater tendency to plant distrust and suspicion in the hearts of men, destroy mutual love, and stir up malignant passions among them, than the practice of falsehood and dissimulation. It is therefore of the greatest importance in society, that men should be laid under all possible restraints in this respect. If they were left at liberty to depart from the truth, in some particular cases, and on *some* extraordinary occasions, for their own advantage, or even for the good of others, what would be the consequence? Would it not necessarily tend to annihilate all faith, in *every* such case? If men universally thought it lawful to lie in certain given circumstances, no one would be credited in those circumstances; because he would not be considered, as under any obligation to speak the truth. All faith in the declarations of others depends on the supposition of a general obligation to truth. Take away this supposition—and there is at once an end of all confidence. So that lying, in all such circumstances, would defeat its own purpose, and would be of no advantage, either to ourselves or others. It ought therefore to be reckoned a peculiar excellence of our religion, that its precepts afford not the least encouragement, to suppose it allowable, in any case whatever, to swerve from the truth. Had christianity granted any such permission, it might be made an objection against it, as giving countenance to a practice detrimental to civil government.

(To be continued.)

Revolutions of English literature—translated from the Italian of signor Carlo Denina.

Under Edward III. Richard II. and Henry VIII.

AT the same time that in Italy Leo the tenth and Paul the third, and in France, Francis the first, encouraged literature by their bounty; Henry the eighth, in the beginning of his reign, was equally favourable to the learned, equally dear to the republic of letters. Ludovicus Vives and Erasmus, the principal restorers of taste in Europe, lived some time in England under that prince; and, by the patronage of queen Elizabeth, and the works of Bacon and Shakespeare, letters soon after became firmly established. Bacon, so deservedly famous for those seeds of science, which he so liberally diffused, and which afterwards produced such an abundant harvest, was likewise of singular advantage to literature. He was among the first who wrote upon serious subjects in the vulgar language, which, after incredible alterations, began, in his days, to assume a form little different from what it still retains.

Till now England had produced no writer superior to Chaucer, who died about the year 1400, and flourished under Edward III. and Richard II. The signal victories which the former obtained over the Scots and French, had introduced plenty and magnificence. There were in the court of that monarch, besides English and foreign noblemen, three powerful sovereigns. So happy, so glorious a reign, could not fail to promote, together with the other arts, the study

of poetry and the English tongue, though for no other purpose but to amuse and adorn the court. Edward certainly wished it; since he abolished the use of the French or Norman tongue in the public acts, the pleadings of the lawyers and the judicial determinations; and substituted the natural language of the country. The men of letters, too, about this period began to improve it. Richard Fitz-Ralph, archbishop of Armagh, and John of Trevisa, both famous for their controversies with the regulars, translated the bible and many other books into English. But these translations would have been insufficient to establish the language, had not the poems of Chaucer and Gower appeared. The former has been called the Dante of England. Their subjects, however, can admit of no comparison, as those of Chaucer rather resemble the licentiousness and irreligion of Boccace than the sober majesty of Dante. Be this as it may, Chaucer certainly first taught his countrymen to write English, and enriched the language by introducing words from the Provençal, then the most noble and polished dialect of any in Europe.

Of the writers under queen Elizabeth.

Yet for about an hundred years, Chaucer was followed by no author of reputation. At last, however, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, many prose-writers appeared, as Bacon and Raleigh; many poets, as Fairfax and Spencer, who are still looked upon as no inconsiderable masters of the language. A liturgy, too, was drawn up, and the bible translated, by authority, the style of which is excellent, though not altogether modern. The comedies of Ben Johnson, who was cotemporary with Spencer, are greatly valued, and some of them still acted with applause. But none of the authors of this period have been more extolled than Shakespeare—none have done more honour or more hurt to the English drama. Endued by nature with astonishing fire, a most sublime genius, a most fertile imagination, with every requisite to form a great poet; had he some great rival to contend with, a Richelieu, or an academy to censure him, he would undoubtedly have equalled the glory of Sophocles and Corneille. But with this exquisite genius for tragedy, he was entirely ignorant of the dramatic laws: and a reader of any taste cannot but admire, how so happy a vein, so luxuriant a fancy, could subsist with so remarkable a deficiency of judgment and propriety. In the same play, we are often presented with the lowest comedy and the most sublime tragedy: we are presented in the same scene with kings, captains, monks, priests, buffoons, and clowns. So far was he from observing even the unities (though so absolutely necessary to carry on the delusion) that he scrupled not to entitle one of his pieces, “the life and death of king John,” and to tell us, that “the scene is sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.” But the generality of his audience knew as little, perhaps, of dramatic composition as himself, and were pleased with this monstrous union of dissonant characters. On the other hand, if we may believe his advocates, he only complied with the taste of the people, from whose approbation, not from that of the learned, he procured a subsistence. His faults withheld not the public applause: and his name gained such influence, as to banish, almost entirely, for two centuries, from the English theatre, that good taste which prevailed in other countries. For although many judicious critics in England have highly censured the extravagances of Shakespeare and his imitators, yet they have not been able to root out the strong prejudices in his favour: since the tragedians who have written according to the rules, have been generally found barren and frigid, compared with him, and destitute of that genius and fancy which enchant us in Shakespeare. Hence have so many imagined it impossible to succeed without sacrificing the laws of the drama; hence have been perpetuated those absurdities on the English theatre, which are condemned, not only by foreigners, but by Addison and other English critics, blessed with a better taste. Time has

so strongly confirmed this prejudice, that the author of *Characteristicks**, and almost all who choose to follow the purer models of antiquity, have relinquished the theatre, and the applauses of the multitude, for the solid approbation of the learned. Thus does eminence give a sanction to every species of corruption, and especially to those of letters. But Shakespeare was singularly fatal to the English literature; as he flourished in its infancy; whereas, in other nations, corruption did not begin, till taste had attained maturity.

Vicissitudes of learning under the successors of Elizabeth.

The belles-lettres, though far short of perfection, were certainly cultivated with great success under Elizabeth, and were therefore soon tainted with the corruptions usually consequent on a successful age, with points of wit and antitheses. These were remarkably fashionable under James the first, the successor of Elizabeth. That monarch himself frequently used them; and seldom created a bishop or privy counsellor, who had not signalized themselves by some witticism or conceit. At other times, they had been admitted into works of humour; but now, under the protection of the sovereign, they mounted the pulpit, and made their appearance in council. The most eminent authors adopted them in their serious compositions. The sermons of bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakespeare are full of them. The former exhorted sinners to repentance in a pun: the latter scrupled not to introduce a hero melting into tears, which he would accompany with contrails and points for perhaps a dozen of lines. This is the idea Addison gives us of the literati after queen Elizabeth.

But the progress of solid literature, as well as these corruptions, was retarded by the civil wars, in the reign of the unfortunate Charles I. Fanaticism, which is no less incompatible with the belles lettres, than barbarism and ignorance, and the religious controversies, which were then started, and which continued with so much fury under Cromwell, equally debased the sentiment and style, and destroyed the natural propriety of the English language; as the affectation of grecisms had done that of the French, in the days of Ronsard. The peaceful reign of Charles II. gave the court leisure and opportunity for the politer studies; but these were as licentious, as the manners of the age. The satires of the earl of Rochester, the duke of Buckingham, and some other poets of that period, abound with all the obscenity and invective of which poetry is capable. This taste continued even in later times; so that Addison might justly say, the English satire "is nothing but ribaldry and billingsgate."

Poetry was, however, greatly ennobled in this reign by the united efforts of Milton, Waller, and Dryden. Yet the first, far from being a favourite at court, lived miserably and neglected, without so much as enjoying the reward of his labours—his poem and reputation remaining almost unknown till after his death. A great poem, as, notwithstanding the objections of the critics, Milton's *paradise lost* certainly is, ought to enrich, and, as it were, authorize the language in which it is written: for it is the merit of the work that usually fixes a value upon the style: and very seldom will a book, however elegantly written, attain celebrity, if void of intrinsic worth. Yet the epic poets of other nations have the advantage of Milton in this respect. The style, for example, of Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, and Tasso, has ever been more highly esteemed than that of the English poet; who, though he wrote in the reign of Charles the second, when the language was considerably improved, yet from his connexions with the world, in the turbulent times of Charles I. and Cromwell, he contracted an obscurity of style, embarrassed with harsh, obsolete expressions, and scholastic terms, occasioned by the violent disputes, civil and religious, which then prevailed. Hence, likewise,

NOTE.

* Mason.

those vestiges of the fanaticism which enflamed him, when, as a member of the parliament, and a minister of Cromwell, he inveighed against his sovereign and the church.

It is, besides, very probable, that he retained some of the rust of Fairfax, whose poetical son he has been called, as Waller was of Spencer. But whether the style of Spencer is more refined than that of Fairfax, or whether a court-life was the cause, certain it is, that the style of Waller is much more modern than that of Milton. Waller, like the French Malherbe, brought his native language and poetry to its present form. The English call him the father of their poetry; and Fenton affirms, that England is more obliged to Waller, than France to Richelieu and the whole academy. He is, indeed, the Petrarch, the Malherbe of England, if not superior to both; as he had the address to adopt, from that fluctuating medley of words, introduced under the protectorship of Cromwell, such only as he knew to be suited to the genius of the language, and least liable to defecution. Time has justified his choice—few, if any, of his expressions, having as yet become obsolete; though both he and Petrarch were mistaken in supposing that their writings in the mother tongue would be disregarded by posterity. Waller constantly complained of his native language; and lamented the condition of those who wrote in it: yet his own English poems are in the highest repute; and had they been in Latin, would have been now equally neglected with the *Africa* and *Bucolics* of Petrarch.

At the same time flourished Dryden, a poet of still greater name than Waller, and equally a reformer of the English poetry and language. Endless were the disputes he had to maintain, with wretched critics and malicious enemies. The poet, indeed, ended his life in misery: but his works have triumphed over their machinations, and there are, perhaps, none more universally admired. Pope, who had just seen him (*Virgilium vidi tantum*, says he, in a letter to his friend Wycherly) always speaks of him in the most respectful terms, with a sort of filial affection, and represents him as the grand support of poetry.

The number and excellence of the authors that immediately succeeded Dryden and Waller, whom they admired and studied, evince how conducive their works have been to form the English taste: since, if we except Spencer, Shakespeare, and Milton, few before Dryden are now usually read. (*To be continued.*)

Curious particulars discovered by the microscope.

IN page 559th of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the learned and ingenious compilers of that valuable work observe of the microscope, “that among all the inventions that ever appeared in the world, none, perhaps, can be found so constantly capable of entertaining, improving, and satisfying the mind of man.” I had not read this book, or any other on the above subject, when the following observations were made; but relying on their judgment, I think the narration may be acceptable. The objects were viewed with a most excellent reflecting microscope.

The first exhibited was a drop of water. When the microscope was adjusted to the proper focus, a confusion of irregularly shaped spots of dust were seen; and moving thro’ these, a number of distinct animalcules, enlarged—some to the size of frogs; but they were of different shapes and sizes.

Some of them were oval, and others round: some had quick motions, others flow: and others again were seen with an evident motion (tho’ still slower,) as if moving on a centre.

Some of the larger ones pursued, overtook, and swallowed the smaller. By the reflection on the linen sheet, the lowest part of the drop of liquor was thrown upon the upper part of the sheet: and almost uniformly the motion of these animals,

thus magnified almost beyond belief, was made from the bottom of the sheet towards the upper part.

In a short while, however, after these motions had been seen, they stopt in all the animalcules, nearly, though not exactly, about the same time, and seemed to carry the mass of dregs partly with them. When alive, tho' in general they moved towards the top of the sheet, yet at times they were seen to move in every direction; individuals moving towards a point seemingly a foot above, then stopping, and returning quickly to the spot they had left; sometimes also, in their tracks, describing a semicircle or oblique line, at other times seemingly a complete circle: but after going thro' these various revolutions, they uniformly dropt motionless to the bottom, or lower part of the sheet, which being the upper surface of the drop, shews their specific gravity to be less than that of the liquor.

In rain water, we could distinguish three different species of animalcules; an oval or species nearly circular, which at times threw out at pleasure two sharp pointed ends, and a species very like a maggot, but with much slower motions than the other two.

In common spring water there seemed to be only the two first.

A drop of salt water, or salt dissolved, shewed concave crystals perfectly square, in size an inch, composed of an inner opaque square, of zones surrounding this, beautifully representing the prismatic or rainbow colours.

In small beer, the animalcules were seen of different sizes and shapes, describing the above motion.

In vinegar, animalcules were shown magnified to a prodigious size, of a longitudinal shape, resembling eels.

As this fluid seems in a small degree too viscid for exhibiting properly the motions of the animalcules, a minute particle of saliva was added, to enable them to move more evidently, which, however, might act by giving life.

The same mixture of dregs or dust was seen in the ale and vinegar.

There were, speaking within bounds, twenty animals in the drop of vinegar; and, attentive to the same very moderate computation, I must say, there were no less than a hundred in the drop of water.

The largest eel in the vinegar was about three or four feet long on the sheet. The motion of this was comparatively slow; however, it moved itself hideously along: and I saw others a foot long, move like eels in common rivers, with the greatest alertness and rapidity, and making numberless wreathings with their bodies, seming to search for their food in every corner, and driving the dregs of the liquor, that obstructed their passage, before them, as so many impudent intruders into their ground.

The eel, near four feet long, we thought we saw at one time swallow a globule of spittle, which had been mixed with the vinegar, and seemed on the sheet about the size of an orange.

In vinegar, when examined a third time, we saw another eel four feet long. One gentleman thought the mouth of it resembled that of a leech: but this I could not discover: neither could I perceive any eyes, although the animalcule was thus astonishingly magnified; but, in the same drop of vinegar, we thought we could remark distinctly two species of eels, a pellucid, and a dark or black one, of smaller size.

It may be remarked here, that the saliva or spittle was divided into globules, which appeared of different sizes, of a light blue colour and pellucid, containing no animalcules.

In spittle, examined by itself, nothing like animalcules could be seen.

In a drop of milk, animalcules seemed evident, at the first examination, of an oval figure, much about a size, but much more sluggish than those in water or ale.

On examining the fluid a second and third time, I could see no distinct animalcules, but a number of small roundish bodies, with a general flow motion in a particular direction sideways, without the appearance of any partial, circular, or other motions, as in water, beer, and vinegar.

On adding a small drop of brandy, a sudden motion, as of enormous billows of the sea closing together, was raised: but the small round bodies had not, and could not have any share in producing such a general disturbance; as they were all at once whirled about in the vast volume of fluid with great rapidity.

This tremendous commotion, shewn by the microscope, could, in my humble opinion, be only explained from chemical attraction: and as I formerly doubted the existence of animalcules in milk, from these experiments I am inclined to do so still.

Perhaps warm milk, immediately taken from the cow in summer, would shew them and their motions.

A drop of blood, recently taken from a gentleman's hand in the room, shewed a fluid of a reddish colour, not very dark, a turbid sediment, and two or three animalcules, enlarged to the size of pigeons' eggs, with very languid motions. In this experiment, however, I suspected there was some admixture of water, or a moisture previously clotted on the small piece of glass, on which the fluids were adhering, to exhibit their contents with the aid of the microscope.

I therefore, at a subsequent examination, put a drop of blood from a recent wound of my own finger, on the glass, and repeated the examination with as much accuracy as I was master of, on two different drops.

My suspicions were now confirmed; for there appeared only a general redness of the liquor, a number of round, transparent, flattish, red bodies, a few crystalline or perfectly clear ones, and, in one or two spots, a dark-coloured, oblong substance, which probably was the red particles coagulated.

Here also there was a general motion observable, but no particular one, which would indicate animal motion in organized bodies.

When a particle of spirit of hartshorn was added to a drop of the water subjected to the microscope, the animalcules seemed to be instantly killed.

A drop of the solution of arsenic, showed beautiful crystallizations, (beginning in a number of points in the space of about a minute,) of various forms, like pistols, swords, &c. some laid parallel, and others horizontal; but as the air was frosty, and the evaporation did not go on so fast as in the contrary circumstance, the astonishingly-rapid shooting of the crystals we did not see; however, some were observed to be extended at one shoot, a quarter of a foot in a moment, and the whole compound figure was very beautiful.

A drop of vitriolated tartar in solution, which crystallized with equal rapidity as the arsenical solution, in a few moments after being placed on the glass, and exposed to the magnifying powers of the microscope, although pellucid, had a number of dark points scattered through the circle reflected on the sheet, (of six feet diameter); and from these points, almost all at once, parallel tubular crystals crept along, as one would move the finger quickly; and in the space of two minutes, the whole circle appeared filled with them; which regular and beautiful combination resembled a magnificent tower or castle. In a solution of sugar of lead, the crystals were magnified to about two feet: but the process in this was more tardy than in the other solution.

Various small thin segments of young trees and shrubs, of which I can remember vine, gooseberry, raisin, orange, oak, apple and pear, about one fourth of an inch in diameter, and from their extreme thinness rendered pellucid, were magnified to about five feet diameter. The appearance in each was widely different. The radii, stretching from the centre to the circumference of these segments, were of different sizes; were placed in different relative positions; and the

various receptacles interspersed in their interfices were of different shapes.

The segment of the orange tree wood exactly resembled the segment of an orange.

In the middle of the segment of the currant tree, there was a plain white circle, exhibited by the microscope, which could not be distinguished by the naked eye.

This appeared a foot in diameter. The segment of a thin branch of a young oak appeared divided into four triangles—the most acute angles of each meeting in the centre: the opposite triangles were similar; the one couple of a more close texture, and the other the denser, resembling sheets formed of small hard-twisted ropes.

The structure in all of the segments of sap and air vessels tolerably transparent, and of the fibrous part, more opaque, were seen very distinctly; but no description can give an adequate idea of the variety, regularity, and beauty displayed in each.

(To be concluded in our next.)



ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF WORN-OUT LAND,

by deep-trench and frequent ploughing.

Communicated to “the Blockley and Merriion society, for promoting agriculture and rural economy,”—by Richard Peters, esquire, president of the said society.

WHEN I took the liberty of pointing out defects in our mode of farming, I promised to use my endeavours to suggest remedies for evils, which I wish prevailed only in our neighbourhood. Exceptions are happily to be met with: but the stile of agriculture, under similar circumstances, is too much alike every where. It is the more unfortunate, as most of the inhabitants of exhausted lands seem to be the least ingenious and industrious, in calling to their assistance system and experiment, although they stand the most in need of them. It should seem, that, as to them, the old adage, Necessity is the mother of invention, would not apply. Their spirits, and consequently their exertions, seem to fail them, and to be exhausted, in proportion to the degrees of impoverishment attending their soil. Even the industrious sow much, and reap little. As long as those, who possess it, can clear a piece of new land, they apply themselves to the tillage of it; and abandon the greater part of the residue of their farms to what they deem unconquerable poverty. If you enquire the reasons of their negligence, they will assign any but the true one—“They have not stock enough to make manure—they have not strength enough to work much land, and must therefore work that which yields the most—they have not money to purchase the means of re-invigorating their farms.”

The fact is, that their not making the necessary and proper application of their stock and strength is the cause of the latter misfortune, which includes the rest. If their stock be small, it requires the more attention to produce profit from it: and if their strength be not great enough for two acres, let it be applied effectually to one. They will find their affairs in this case mend as if by magic. Their expenses will be less, and of course their profits greater. Their labour will have a limited—and, consequently, a practicable object. Savings in wear and tear of implements, of seed, of expense in wages, of expenditure to mechanics, with all the consequences of cultivating a small portion of land well, will immediately follow. They will not fail in the accomplishment of their object; but they will cease to bring themselves in debt by misapplied endeavours to avoid it. They will find, too, their one acre, well cultivated, more productive than many, in the old routine of mismanagement. The difference between a highly-improved

acre and one even beyond mediocrity, is greater, than at first view it would appear to be. In England, the proportion of rent between land producing five quarters, and that bringing three quarters per acre, is often more than two to one. Yet the produce is not double. But after labour and expense, which are the same in both, the excess is profit: and the tenants, at the highest rents, clear the most money and become rich, while it frequently happens, that the others become bankrupts.

These observations are the most applicable to those, who, like ourselves, have their lots cast in a country exhausted by bad tillage. With good and systematical culture, our situation would have been very different. Under good management, our lands would still have continued fertile: and we should not possess them in their present miserable state. The following remarks are intended to elucidate and confirm my observations on the "defects in our mode of tillage."—

One would think, that the bare recital of the common mode of preparation for wheat, too generally accomplished here in one year, though in well informed countries it is not completed in less than three, would sufficiently point out the evil and the remedy.

In general the sod is turned or broken up in the spring, at the most four, but more frequently less than three inches deep. This sod is composed of a small proportion of grass roots. The roots of permanent and noxious weeds (whose fibres have formed a mat, pervading the greater part of the surface, where they run horizontally, and, if tap-rooted, striking as deep as the soil will admit) occupy the rest. The seeds of these weeds, both annual and perennial, have been dropping for years, ready to vegetate with the first stirring of the earth. In this wretched situation, it is ploughed most wretchedly, because superficially, and left without harrowing two or three months. It is then crossed; at the season of sowing, harrowed: the seed is then ploughed in, and thus committed to this miserable mass of clods, unbroken in the whole, or in part. In this mass are contained undecayed roots of weeds and vegetating blue and other unconquered fibrous grasses, which, unlike tap rooted grasses, such as clover, are pests, and not assistants to gam. The seed is then left to take its chance, with this host of enemies to contend with. Added to these, a crop of Indian corn, a great exhauster, is often taken, in the season of sowing the grain. This, with its other bad effects, prevents the plough and harrow from having their full operation. This is a true statement of the general practice, which, if we do not amend it, will prolong the causes of our complaints, that blue grass, garlic, and other weeds, choke and nauseate our crops; in so much that our produce pays not for our labour and expenses. Can it be supposed, that a plant, such as wheat (which will penetrate three feet, if the soil permit, and whose horizontal roots have been measured ten feet) will perfect itself in a depth of three or four inches, and in a collection of clods, tussocks of weed roots, and increasing mares of blue grass, which will prevent the extension of its roots and fibres? Will any one believe, that weeds, such as yellow weeds or St. John's wort, white weed or daisies, or blue grass, which require three years, with well attended fallow crops to destroy them, can be so backed in one season, as not materially to injure the winter grain, if not to choke it in whole or in part? Let such as conceive this, examine the vigour with which weeds grow after the crop is off, and consider how long wheat occupies the ground, and of course what opportunity this crop (contrary to the effects of fallow crops) gives to their increase and growth. Let them also consider, that clods contain, as in magazines, untouched fibres and loads of grass and weeds, ready to vegetate after a little rest; and that they also lock up so many mouths of the earth, which would, in a state of pulverization, receive the nourishment and food of plants from the dews and airs. Their can-

dour would then, I trust, compel them to subscribe to what should be an agricultural maxim—"A farmer should let nothing grow but his crop."

Indolence makes large demands upon ingenuity, to furnish it with excuses. Some plausible reasons are brought forward to support every bad practice. I have heard it alleged in conversation, and have met with it in a treatise on St. Foin (the most extensive rooted vegetable of its tribe) that "Plants should not extend their roots too far, or they will spend themselves in root." As if nature was not too wise to suffer an injurious disproportion in the parts of her productions. Roots are to vegetables (as in that treatise it is observed) what the intestines and stomach are to animals. The more and larger these are, being always proportioned to the body of which they are parts, the more and greater the supplies of nourishment received and communicated.

The remedies I will recommend, for the evils I have enumerated, are—deep-trench and frequent ploughings.—I have had much experience of the good effects of these on lands, as much impoverished as any in this country. I have, therefore, no occasion for authorities to satisfy myself—But I will quote one instance among many which might be produced. The celebrated Chateauvieux, a philosophic and attentive cultivator, selected a piece of ground, from which he had taken the soil three feet deep, leaving only a sterile, whitish clay. By digging and stirring this spot, he brought it, in three years, to bear wheat without manure, as large and as fine as any his garden could produce. This shows that earth supposed barren, can be made, by stirring, separating its parts, and exposure to the influences of the air, as productive as the original surface. It fully answers the objections to deep and trench ploughing, of turning up barren earth; for the worst earth may be made thus fertile. Miller also affords instances in proof, from the practice of the gardeners about London. They trench their grounds, when they begin to be exhausted, three feet deep, turning the original surface to the bottom.

(To be concluded in our next.)



Expense, culture, and profit of half an acre of hemp: communicated to the Blackley and Merriion society for promoting agriculture and rural economy—

By John Curwen, vice president.

IN the autumn of 1785, when I removed to Walnut hill, that part of the plantation, on which I have since raised my hemp, had been planted with Indian corn. The corn being bad, it was sowed with buckwheat. The buckwheat was so miserable, it was not worth cradling; and the hogs were turned in to consume it. In the spring of 1786, I limed it, at the rate of sixty-six bushels per acre, upon a part of which I had a few hills of pumpkins, some plants of tobacco, and a few rows of cabbage. The cabbage were dunged in the rows, and were tolerably good; the other things of little value. In the spring of 1787, I spread over it five cart loads of dung, gave it two ploughings, two harrowings, planted it with pumpkin seed, and ploughed and harrowed it once after planting. The crop was good. After the pumpkins were taken in, I immediately ploughed it about ten inches deep, spread eight loads of dung upon it in the spring, ploughed it in, harrowed it once over; and it was then in such excellent order, I thought another ploughing unnecessary; I therefore sowed it with two bushels of seed, which was on the 6th of May, 1788.

Expense.

To two ploughings,	-	-	-	£.	6	0
Eight loads of dung,	-	-	-		1	0
Harrowing and sowing,	-	-	-		0	2
Two bushels of seed,	-	-	-		2	5

Pulling the male hemp,	-	-	-	0	15	0
Ditto female, spreading, &c.	-	-	-	0	15	0
Breaking,	-	-	-	1	10	0

Total expense, £.6 13 0

Produce from the break.

By 360lb. at 6d. per pound,	-	-	-	£.9	0	0
Eight bushels seed, 22s. 6d.	-	-	-	9	0	0

£.18 0 0

Expense deducted, 6 13 0

Clear profit, £.11 7 0

It is common to pull both the male and female hemp at the same time, and leave only a few stalks of the female hemp on the edge of the patch, to remain for seed. This is not the most profitable method; for you may observe the seed in this experiment is equal in value to the hemp. I leave all the seed hemp standing until the seed is ripe; pull, water, and break it, as I do the other; and it commands the same price. The clear profit is, £.11 7 0, which is per acre £.22 14 0, a profit sufficient to induce us to cultivate it with spirit, especially as a crop of wheat may follow it with the greatest prospect of success. This experiment, which I have fairly related, may help us to decide an important question, which has been frequently agitated here, viz.

The best and cheapest method of improving worn out land.

This piece of ground was worn out. By what means was it restored? The answer may be comprised in a few words, and in my opinion is an answer to both. By manure and a succession of crops, which are not only profitable in themselves, but compel good culture, with all its advantageous consequences.

By order of the society,

RICHARD TUNIS, Secretary.

Messrs. Printers,

YOUR inserting the following estimate of the product and expense of cultivating an acre of ground in hops, will oblige the subscriber.

First ploughing in the spring,—	—	—	—	£.0	6	0
Dressing the hills,	—	—	—	0	15	0
Setting the poles,	—	—	—	2	15	0
Directing the vines to the poles, which may be done by two boys in two hours each day, for one week,	—	—	—	0	12	0
Second ploughing and harrowing,	—	—	—	0	10	0
Gathering the hops,	—	—	—	9	10	0
Drying ditto,	—	—	—	2	0	0
Packing ditto,	—	—	—	0	15	0

Total amount of expenses, — £.17 3 0

Common product of one acre, 1000lb. at 1s. per lb. 50 0 0

Deduct amount of expenses, as above — 17 3 0

Net profit, — £.32 17 0

The price of 1s. per lb. has been the average price of hops for twenty years past, in the city of Philadelphia. The above quantity has been the actual annual produce of an acre of ground in hops, near this city, under my particular care and direction, the original quality of which was only good wheat land.

AN OLD HOP-RAISER.

N. B. There have been imported into the city of Philadelphia this season, forty thousand pounds weight of hops, chiefly from Boston, for which the brewers of Philadelphia have paid twelve thousand dollars.

To destroy canker-worms, and prevent the blasting of grain.

In a letter from the rev. John Cushing of Ashburnham, in the county of Worcester, to the academy of arts and sciences, at Cambridge; and by the academy requested to be published.

Ashburnham, July 3, 1789.

The following observations I submit to your candid inspection.

“THE blast upon grain seems to be a growing evil among us. I think it is much more frequent than formerly: if any remedy can be found out, even though a partial one, it is certainly worth attending to. As to the cause, there are several assigned: if the real one can be investigated, some remedy, probably, may be applied. I would not enter into a consideration of all the supposed causes of the blast upon grain, but give it as my decided opinion, that it is occasioned principally by the east winds. Indeed I think I have demonstration: for, three years ago, when there was a pretty general blast, I observed in my fields the east side was considerably the most blasted; and I heard numbers make the same observation. But I was last year more confirmed in the belief, that the east winds cause blasting, by what seemed to be ocular demonstration: I have a field, on the west side of a grove of wood, through which is a cart-way: the grove perhaps is ten rods in width: the cart-way is straight, and where it opens upon the field, it may be a rod wide—the wind can have a free passage through. My field was sowed mostly with Siberian wheat; and it was free from blast, except where it was exposed to the east wind through the cart-way. When I observed this, it immediately put me upon thinking that there might be at least a partial remedy in time; and that is, by planting a row of acorns on the east side of fields, very near together, or by setting out trees, and so have them continued along some ways upon the north side; for a hedge upon the east side only, would not break off the north-east winds. These trees would answer a double purpose—be screens or defences against the blasting winds, and nurseries for fuel. If they should not prove, as we could wish, a sufficient security, the labour would not be lost; for fire-wood is continually diminishing. The present generation ought to make some provision for succeeding ones in this cold climate. It seems as if our furnaces, forges, &c. must cease in time, for want of fuel, if some care be not taken to encourage the growth of wood. It appears to me a matter deserving the attention of the public.

“I believe the same cause is injurious to the fruit trees. I have observed upon Cape-Cod they enclose their orchards with cherry trees: when I enquired the reason, I was told that they could not have fruit, unless they did so, they were so exposed to the winds from the sea.

“I am sensible the situation of many fields and orchards is such, that this remedy, though it were certain, could not be applied; as where they are on the east side of hills and considerably descending: but where they are on level ground, I think the experiment is worth trying.

"Now I am upon fruit trees, I would mention a way to destroy canker-worms, less expensive than the making clay troughs, as published from Newbury last year—it is a very easy and simple method—no more than this: in autumn before the ground be frozen, take an iron bar, and make a number of holes under each tree, near the body; throw in a few kernels of corn into each; let in swine; and they will root the ground over and over, which will not only so disturb the eggs deposited in the ground as to destroy them, but it will be very salutary to the trees. Nothing is thought better to make apple-trees flourish, than to have hogs turn up the ground under them.

"This method I had from a gentleman in this county, Mr. Edward Raymond, of Sterling, who has tried it with success. I recommended to him to publish the experiment: but he declined it. I have therefore taken the liberty to mention, and wish it might be further tried.

JOHN CUSHING."

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE.

FLOORS can be rendered incombustible, by lining them, so as to prevent the passage of the air thro' the cracks. This may be done by the use of thin iron plates, placed between the joists and floor-boards. It is recommended by David Hartley, esq. an English gentleman, to whose labours in rendering houses incombustible, the public owes much.—The method is practised in the royal buildings of Portsmouth, Plymouth, &c. It has been objected, that these iron plates are subject to rust. Mr. Hartley recommends painting them.—Some have imagined that a violent fire would melt them. They have been found to calcine, but never to melt.—Query; What effect would these metal plates have, in case of lightning?

Dr. Franklin lathed and plastered between joists under the floors of his houses. This manner of excluding the air, is free from the three objections stated above, and is perhaps cheaper; especially if plasterers could be prevailed upon to lay their laths in an oblique direction between the joists, so as to avoid cutting them. Rooms constructed in this manner, may be made more comfortable in cold weather with a less fire.

It is a common practice to nail cornices to the joists of the rooms above: this makes a combustible communication between one story and another. A coat of brown plaster might be laid before the nailing of the cornice. Every room as well as each story, should be kept distinct in this respect: and no fire-conductor allowed between them. Mr. Hartley directs the putting a sheet of metal between the double pannels of a communication-door.

MODE OF PURIFYING TALLOW, TO MAKE CANDLES.

TAKE five-eighths of tallow, and three-eighths of mutton-suet: melt them in a copper caldron,, with half a pound of hot water to each pound of grease. As soon as they are melted, mix eight ounces of brandy, one of salt of tartar, one of cream of tartar, one of sal ammoniac, and two of pure and dry pot-ash. Throw the mixture in the caldron; and make the ingredients boil a quarter of an hour: then let the whole cool. The next day the tallow will be found on the surface of the water, in a pure cake. Take it out, and expose it to the action of the air, on canvas, for some days. It will become white, and almost as hard as wax. The dew is very favourable to its bleaching. Make your wicks of fine, even cotton: give them a coat of melted wax; then cast your mould candles. They will have much the appearance of wax: and one of six to the pound will burn fourteen hours, and never run.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

I WAS taking a walk in my garden, when my servant came in haste to tell me my chamber was on fire, that a strong smell of burnt linen, and a thick smoke were perceived issuing through the windows. Upon stepping into my chamber, I perceived a thick smoke immediately; but was still perfectly at a loss how to account for this accident. We looked for the place from which it came; and at last perceived it rising from a dark callico curtain. The mystery is explained: a spherical decanter stood between it and the window: the sun shone in full splendor, and its rays were converged by the figure of the water; and exactly at the focal distance hung the curtain. The bottle had the effect of a burning glass; and from a singular concurrence of circumstances, my house was near being burnt. Had the accident escaped timely notice, the building would have been destroyed, and the cause could never have been suspected.

Method of tempering edge-tools of too brittle a quality. From a late French publication.

HAVING bought a neat knife, and paid handsomely for it, I found that whenever I attempted to cut wood, or any hard substance, the edge broke. This accident, often repeated, soon made a saw of my blade.—I complained to the cutler, who very seriously told me, that it was a sure sign of the goodness of my knife.—He finished by sharpening it, and receiving his sixpence. This grinding happened so frequently, as to become more tedious than costly, and at last reduced my knife to nearly the size of a large needle.—A new blade was fitted to the handle—the same accident happened to it—it proved again of too brittle a temper. My patience now became tired, and I had almost determined to lay the knife aside, the handle of which I only regretted, when an itinerant scissars grinder gave me an effectual receipt—To plunge the blade up to the handle in boiling fat for two hours, and then, taking it out, to let it cool gradually. I followed his directions: and my knife cuts the hardest wood, ebony, box: even bone its edge now resists.

Method of checking the too free perspiration of the hands, of use to those who are employed about works subject to being tarnished or apt to rust.

THE method is simply this: to rub the hands frequently with a little powder of *lycopodium*, commonly known by the name of *vegetable sulphur*. It is thought this cannot be prejudicial to the health.

List of the most material articles exported from the state of New York, in July, August and September, 1790.

10770 barrels of pot ash,	—	—	Dollars	215,400
1450 do. pearl do.	—	—	—	43,500
11938 do. flour,	—	—	—	74,612
59980 bushels Indian corn,	—	—	—	33,732
3323 barrels bread,	—	—	—	13,496
3561 do. Indian meal,	—	—	—	8,902
1562 do. rye flour,	—	—	—	6,248
425 do. middlings,	—	—	—	2,125
984 kegs crackers,	—	—	—	425
1927 bushels peas,	—	—	—	1,927
440 barrels pork,	—	—	—	5,500
676 do. beef,	—	—	—	4,224
272 firkins butter,	—	—	—	1,160

1672 barrels fish—46 firkins,	—	—	Dollars	3,868
194 horses,	—	—	—	4,850
Staves and lumber,	—	—	—	13,653
				<hr/>
Dollars				433,722

In addition to the above, a variety of other articles were exported, in that time, which would augment the sum of exports for one quarter of a year, to considerably above half a million of dollars.

Arrivals at the port of New York, from Jan. 1, 1790, to Jan. 1, 1791.

Ships,	127	688 of which were	American
Brigs,	260	288	British
Snows,	13	14	Spanish
Schooners,	217	8	Portuguese
Sloops,	396	8	French
		6	Dutch
		1	Dane
	<hr/> 1013	<hr/> 1	
		1013	

List of the sea vessels which have arrived at the port of Philadelphia from Jan. 1st, 1790, to Jan. 1, 1791:

Ships,	129
Snows,	18
Brigs,	329
Schooners,	264
Sloops,	324
<hr/> [Total 1064	

Account of the patients in the Philadelphia dispensary from Dec. 1st, 1789, to Dec. 1st, 1790.

Remaining under care from last year,	-	-	96
Admitted,	-	-	1796
			<hr/> 1892
Of whom the number cured is,	-	-	1578
dead	-	-	63
relieved,	-	-	111
discharged disorderly,	-	-	23
Removed to the hospital and house of employment	-	-	23
Remaining under care,	-	-	94
			<hr/> 1892

Bill of mortality for the town of Salem, from Jan. 1, 1790, to Jan. 1, 1791.

Died under	two	years,	62.	Died in	January	17
Between	two	and	five	24.	February	10
	five	and	ten	9.	March	7
	ten	and	twenty	3.	April	8
	twenty	and	thirty	25.	May,	22
	thirty	and	forty	12.	June,	20

Between	forty	and	fifty,	14.	July,	19
	fifty	and	sixty,	8.	August,	30
	sixty	and	seventy,	10.	September,	24
	seventy	and	eighty,	16.	October,	13
	eighty	and	ninety,	5.	November,	11
	ninety	and	one hundred,	2.	December,	15
	103,			1.		
	Still-born,			5.		196
				196		

Males, 106 } Eleven negroes and three Indians are in-
 Females, 90.—196 } cluded.

Extracts from the census of the inhabitants of Massachusetts.

Newbury port contains	inhabitants,	4,837
Salem,	—	7,921
Marblehead,	—	5,665
Beverly,	—	3,290
Lynn,	—	2,295
County of Hampshire,	—	59,711
County of Essex,	—	57,907

Census of the inhabitants of the state of New-York.

Counties.	Freeholders above 100l.	Freeholders above 20l.	Tenants.	Total.
New-York,	1219	1221	2661	30,032
Suffolk,	1511	1827	242	16,094
Queen's,	1274	1397	438	14,385
King's,	357	376	148	4,423
Richmond,	298	274	169	3,928
Westchester,	1441	1732	1130	22,741
Duchess,	2413	2780	1115	42,235
Ulster,	1610	1885	1095	26,390
Orange,	941	1149	584	16,677
Columbia,	2070	2534	969	27,545
Albany,	3718	4864	3768	71,687
City,	249	258	262	3,506
Montgomery,	1497	2069	1503	26,606
Washington,	797	1059	514	13,388
Clinton and Ontario,				4,500
Total	19,394	23,425	14,599	324,127

Census of the inhabitants of the city and county of New-York.

Freeholders above £. 100	—	—	1,209
Freeholders above £. 20	—	—	1,221
Inhabitants renting tenements of the yearly value of 40 s.			2,661

Free blacks,	—	—	—	93
				5,184
Number of males,	—	—	—	13,330
Number of females,	—	—	—	14,429
Number of slaves,	—	—	—	2,263
			Total	30,022
In 1786, the number was,	—	—	—	23,614
Increase in four years,	—	—	—	6,408

Statement of the tonnage of vessels entered into the united states, from October 1, 1789, to September 30, 1790, as laid before the house of representatives of the united states, by the secretary of the treasury.

	Tons		Tons
American employed in foreign trade	363,093	New Hampshire,	17,011
American coasters above twenty tons,	113,181	Massachusetts,	197,368
American vessels employed in the fisheries,	26,250	Rhode Island,*	9,841
American and British,	312	Connecticut,	33,172
American and other foreign,	338	New York,	92,113
English,	222,347	New Jersey,	5,860
French,	13,435	Pennsylvania,	109,918
Spanish,	8,551	Delaware,	5,924
Dutch,	8,815	Maryland,	82,254
German,	1,368	Virginia,	103,893
Danish,	1,619	North Carolina,†	35,126
Portuguese,	2,924	South Carolina,‡	40,360
Irish,	3,147	Georgia,	27,245
Swedish,	311		
Prussian,	394		
Total	766,085	Total	766,085

In these tables, the fractions are omitted.

OF THE ARTIFICES OF ANIMALS||.

THE artifices practised by animals, proceed from several motives, many of which are purely instinctive, and others are acquired by experience and imitation. Their arts, in general, are called forth and exerted by three great and important causes, the love of life, the desire of multiplying and continuing

NOTES.

* The returns from this state commenced June 21, 1790.

† Commenced March 11, 1790.

‡ Returns are received for only three quarters.

|| From Smellie's philosophy of natural history—about to be published in this city, by Robert Campbell.

the species, and that strong attachment which every animal has to its offspring.

When a bear, or other rapacious animal, attacks cattle, they instantly join, and form a phalanx for mutual defence. In the same circumstances, horses rank up in lines, and beat off the enemy with their heels. Pontopidon tells us, that the small Norwegian horses, when attacked by bears, instead of striking with their hind-legs, rear, and, by quick and repeated strokes with their fore-feet, either kill the enemy, or oblige him to retire. This curious, and generally-successful defence, is frequently performed in the woods, while a traveller is sitting on the horse's back. It has often been remarked, that troops of wild horses, when sleeping either in plains or in the forest, have always one of their number awake, who acts as a centinel, and gives notice of any approaching danger.

Margraaf informs us, that the monkeys in Brazil, while they are sleeping on the trees, have uniformly a centinel to warn them of the approach of the tiger or other rapacious animals; and that, if ever this centinel be found sleeping, his companions instantly tear him to pieces for his neglect of duty. For the same purpose, when a troop of monkeys are committing depredations on the fruits of a garden, a centinel is placed on an eminence, who, when any person appears, makes a certain chattering noise, which the rest understand to be a signal for a retreat; and immediately fly off, and make their escape.

The deer kind are remarkable for the arts they employ in order to deceive the dogs. With this view the stag often returns twice or thrice upon his former steps. He endeavours to raise hinds or younger stags to follow him, and to draw off the dogs from the immediate object of their pursuit. If he succeed in this attempt, he then flies off with redoubled speed, or springs off at a side, and lies down on his belly, to conceal himself. When in this situation, if by any means his foot be recovered by the dogs, they pursue him with more advantage, because he is now considerably fatigued. Their ardour increases in proportion to his feebleness; and his scent becomes stronger as he grows warm. From these circumstances, the dogs augment their cries and their speed: and, though the stag employs more arts of escape than formerly, as his swiftness is diminished, his doublings and artifices become gradually less effectual. No other resource is now left him but to fly from the earth which he treads, and go into the waters, in order to cut off the scent from the dogs, when the huntsmen again endeavour to put them on the track of his foot. After taking to the water, the stag is so much exhausted, that he is incapable of running much farther, and is soon at bay, or, in other words, turns and defends himself against the hounds. In this situation, he often wounds the dogs, and even the huntsmen, by blows with his horns, till one of them cuts his hams to make him fall, and then puts a period to his life. The fallow deer is more delicate, less savage, and approaches nearer to the domestic state than the stag. The males, during the rutting season, make a bellowing interrupted voice. They are not so furious as the stag. They never depart from their own country in quest of females: but they bravely fight for the possession of their mistresses. They associate in herds, which generally keep together. When great numbers are assembled in one park, they commonly form themselves into two distinct troops, which soon become hostile, because they are both ambitious of possessing the same part of the inclosure. Each of these troops has its own chief or leader, who always marches foremost, and he is uniformly the oldest and strongest of the flock. The others follow him: and the whole draw up in order of battle, to force the other troop, who observe the same conduct, from the best pasture. The regularity, with which these combats are conducted, is singular. They make regular attacks—fight with courage—and never think themselves vanquished by one check; for the battle is daily renewed, till the weaker are completely defeated, and obliged to remain in the worst pasture. They love elevated and hilly countries. When

nunted, they run not straight out, like the stag, but double, and endeavour to conceal themselves from the dogs by various artifices, and by substituting other animals in their place. When fatigued and heated, however, they take the water, but never attempt to cross such large rivers as the stag. Thus, between the chase of the fallow-deer and of the stag, there is no material difference. Their sagacity and instincts, their shifts and doublings, are the same, only they are more frequently practised by the fallow deer. As he runs not so far before the dogs, and is less enterprising, he has oftener occasion to change, to substitute another in his place, to double, return upon his former tracks, &c. which renders the hunting of the fallow-deer more subject to inconveniences than that of the stag.

The roe-deer is inferior to the stag and fallow deer, both in strength and stature; but he is endowed with more gracefulness, courage, and vivacity. His eyes are more brilliant and animated. His limbs are more nimble; his movements are quicker; and he bounds with equal vigour and agility. He is likewise more crafty, conceals himself with greater address, and derives superior resources from his instincts. Though he leaves behind him a stronger scent than the stag, which increases the ardour of the dogs, he knows how to evade their pursuit, by the rapidity with which he commences his flight, and by his numerous doublings. He delays not his arts of defence, till his strength begins to fail him; for he no sooner perceives, that the first efforts of a rapid flight have been unsuccessful, than he repeatedly returns upon his former steps; and, after confounding, by these opposite motions, the direction he has taken, after intermixing the present with the past emanations of his body, he, by a great bound, rises from the earth, and, retiring to a side, lies down flat on his belly. In this immoveable situation, he often allows the whole pack of his deceived enemies to pass very near him.

The roe-deer differs from the stag in disposition, manners, and in almost every natural habit. Instead of associating in herds, they live in separate families. The two parents and the young go together, and never mingle with strangers. They are constant in their amours, and never unfaithful, like the stag. The females commonly produce two fawns, the one a male, and the other a female. These young animals, which are brought up and nourished together, acquire a mutual affection so strong, that they never depart from each other. This attachment is something more than love; for, though always in company, they feel the rut but once a year, and it continues only fifteen days. At this period, the father drives off the fawns, as if he intended, that they should yield their place to those who are to succeed, in order to form new families for themselves. After the rutting season, however, is past, the fawns return to their mother, and continue some time longer; after which they separate forever, and remove to a distance from the place of their nativity. When about to bring forth, the female separates from the male; and, to avoid the wolf, her most dangerous enemy, conceals herself in the deepest recesses of the forest. In a week or two, the fawns are able to follow her. When threatened with danger, she hides them in a close thicket; and, so strong is her parental affection, that, in order to preserve her offspring from destruction, she presents herself to be chased.

Hares possess not, like rabbits, the art of digging retreats in the earth. But they neither want distinct sufficient for their own preservation, nor sagacity for escaping their enemies. They form seats or nests on the surface of the ground, where they watch with the most vigilant attention, the approach of any danger. In order to deceive, they conceal themselves between clods of the same colour with that of their own hair. When pursued, they first run with rapidity, and then double, or return upon their former steps. From the place of starting, the females run not so far as the males; but they double more frequently. Hares,

hunted in the place where they were brought forth, seldom remove to a great distance from it, but return to their form: and, when chased two days successively, on the second day they perform the same doublings they had practised the day before. When hares run straight out to a great distance, it is a proof, that they are strangers. Male hares, especially during the most remarkable period of rutting, which is in the months of January, February, and March, sometimes perform journeys of several miles in quest of mates; but, as soon as they are started by dogs, they fly back to the place of their nativity. "I have seen a hare," Fouilloux remarks, "so sagacious, that, after hearing the hunter's horn, he started from his form; and, though at the distance of a quarter of a league, went to swim in a pool, and lay down on the rushes in the middle of it, without being chased by the dogs. I have seen a hare, after running two hours before the dogs, push another from his feat, and take possession of it. I have seen others swim over two or three ponds, the narrowest of which was eighty paces broad. I have seen others, after a two hours chase, run into a sheep-fold, and lie down among them. I have seen others when hard pushed, run in among a flock of sheep, and would not leave them. I have seen others, after hearing the noise of the hounds, conceal themselves in the earth. I have seen others run up one side of a hedge, and return by the other, when there was nothing else between them and the dogs.

"I have seen others, after running half an hour, mount an old wall, six feet high, and clap down in a hole covered with ivy. Lastly, I have seen others swim over a river, of about eighty paces broad, oftener than twice, in the length of two hundred paces."

(To be continued.)

THE NEGRO EQUALLED BY FEW EUROPEANS.

(Translated from the French.)

TWO hundred years since, such an idea would have excited the indignation of Europe. In vain, would it have been, to have talked of the virtues of negroes. Then, truth was charged with imposture, and deemed an insult to man. Our unfortunate ancestors, oppressed, in their homes, by the despotism of the Portuguese, had, alas! no witnesses of their tears, but the stormy heavens of their country. What could they expect from the tribunal of reason? she was too often silent while passion spoke. It was to satisfy the avidity of desire that strangers landed on our coasts. The simple wish of instructing us, had never led them from their own fertile clime. The thirst for gold consumed them. We had too little to give them; and soon they hoped to draw from our bodily strength, a more precious merchandise.

At that period, the minds of men were agitated with the fury of making discoveries. Navigation was rising out of her infancy. European vessels crowded the coasts of Africa; penetrated into the bosom of Asia; and gave a new world to the swords of Cortez and Pizarro.

It may be questioned, at this day, if the conquest of the two Americas was more fatal to the natives than to the people of Africa. Entire races of men destroyed! Mexicans, Peruvians, the fierce Caribbees, and the peaceful inhabitants of Hispaniola—all swept from the face of the earth! such are the titles by which the Americans claim the palm of wretchedness. But we! we, snatched from our homes, to put on chains from which death alone will release us! We, destined from the birth, to the shame of slavery, because at two thousand leagues from us, some bloody conquerors have annihilated their new subjects! We, torn from our fathers, our brethren, our wives, our children, to cultivate that land in which the scattered carcases of the ancient possessors cry out for a vengeance, which we cannot undertake either for them or ourselves! are not we more to be pitied than those? They are dead: alas! we live! We drag, over their tombs, chains more

cruel than death; our blood is daily shed on their insensible ashes; and we endure, at once, the remembrance of their ills, the pangs of our own, and the anguish, which, as human beings, we feel for the crimes of our persecutors!

And these are men! whole nations of men! who would rather have us for slaves than friends. To what end, then, are they taught by philosophy, by the arts, the sciences? Do they pretend those soften the manners, and elevate the soul? We will shew them our chains, and say to them, what more could barbarians do? To what purpose is the sublime religion they profess? Does it instruct them to love even their enemies? Ah! we are their brethren! When they landed on our shores, they often found hospitality, sometimes defiance; but in receiving, or rejecting them, we equally pursued the impulse of nature. We have not their intelligence: when we opened our hearts to them, they should have cherished us; when our hearts repelled them, it was their duty to have gained us.

Pardon, virtuous Ferdinand! pardon the sentiments which are extorted from me by the remembrance of miseries to which I have seen my countrymen delivered. I have forgotten my own. Long since has your friendship effaced them all: but this friendship impells me to preserve your esteem; you would blush for me, if the virtues of a European had effaced from my memory the ills which white people have heaped upon the heads of negroes.

Yet I will not confound the present age with the times in which sovereigns, their ministers, their people, heard with indifference, the recital of our torments, and smiled on the unfeeling planter, who presented himself, glistening with the gold he had acquired by our blood. European hearts are said to be softened. Humanity is heard; they speak of lightening our chains—perhaps of breaking them. And what risk you, Europeans? Prove our friendship. Believe me, you shall be richer for it. Attachment gives double force to the arm. Had I not been attracted by this ray of hope, I had left my adventures in oblivion. But Europeans shall now hear me. Europeans shall learn, from me, what are the men whom they have devoted to disdain.

I was born in 17**, on the borders of the Senegal. My father was a brother of the sovereign of our nation. I shall call my uncle Siratik, a name which, in the language of the country, signifies king. A minute account of my education must not be expected. It is well known to what narrow limits our education is confined. We are taught few duties, for our system of morality does not extend to nice distinctions; compelled to little study, because our instruction comprizes only general objects. In bodily exercises, in drawing the bow, running, swimming, wrestling, and hunting, in such occupations pass away the uniform days of the negro youths. Heaven has not been willing, that the arts and sciences should visit us. We learn what is useful—nothing more; our views are directed only to the wants of nature. The most robust and most active negro becomes the richest—he, who combats the enemies of his country, with the greatest success, the noblest. But neither this nobility, nor these riches, descend to posterity. A negro, who, like myself, could look back to twenty ancestors successively on the throne, remains, notwithstanding, in the ordinary class of citizens. The state is the sole heir of individuals. Children, on the death of their father, are obliged to find, in their industry or valour, the source of a new fortune; which, in its turn, becomes the public treasure.

If our education were more finished, we should equal, perhaps surpass, Europeans. We do not yield to them in address; and address announces a degree of intelligence, which, with culture, would embrace the greatest objects. To dispute the qualities of the heart with us, would be too injurious: education does not create, it does but give a polish to those.

With us there is no knowledge of that fatal I—whose partial feeling renders men insensible with grace—obdurate with politeness—implacable with urbanity. We

have not the art of making offers without giving ; but we give without any offer. We do not condole without affording succour ; but we succour without condolence. The imposing words of honour, fidelity, delicacy, attachment, are unknown to us : but we are faithful to our word ; we love our wives ; we serve our friends ; we treat strangers, as we desire they should treat us. The unremitting practice of those actions has rendered the names, which might be substituted for them, unnecessary. In fine, we do not possess superb palaces, in which we might shun the eye of misery ; we inhabit huts only, which are alike open to the poor and the rich, the stranger and the friend ; and beneath whose roof weariness never enters, because luxury is not to be found there.

I have not to complain of nature. She endowed me with a robust form, a distinguished height. To that, she added the beauty of my nation : a jet black, a full forehead, piercing eyes, a large mouth, and fine teeth. Such was the veil. What did it conceal ? A profound sensibility—patience, which approached to obstinacy—a courage of mind bordering on fierceness—a disdain for obstacles—a goodness of heart, which fed alternately on the benefits it conferred and received. Such was my character : if it announced virtues, it supposed faults ; nor was I destitute of them. My sensibility often wandered from my prudence ; my courage was blind ; my credulity extreme ; and the impetuosity of my mind caused me sometimes to forget, that all men have need of indulgence.

Itanoko was the name I received at my birth. Love watched over my cradle ; and my heart was no sooner capable of affection, than I felt the charms of Amelia.

It will seem astonishing, that the object of my passion bore a European name. Amelia, however, was an African : but her father was a native of France. The unfortunate Dumont (that was her father's name) had been shipwrecked at the mouth of the river Gambia. He, alone, survived the loss of the vessel, which he commanded. An excellent swimmer, he owed the preservation of his life to the strength of his arms and constitution. Cast upon an unknown land, covered with confusions which he received from the points of rocks, against which the waves had dashed him, worn out with hunger and fatigue, still had he the courage to triumph over despair.

His maritime knowledge flattered him with the hopes of gaining the river Senegal, by following the coast. After twenty-four hours cessation from fatigue, during which he had no other bed than the sand of the shore, and no other refreshment than some shell-fish, which the waves had deposited at his feet, he began his journey. Throughout the day, he dreaded the sight of men : in the night, he shuddered at the ferocity of animals, whose howlings filled him with terror. His food was wild fruits ; and he trembled while he plucked them.

In this manner, he wandered a month, during which he seldom yielded to sleep. At length he found himself at the mouth of a river, whose opposite bank was covered with a thick forest, which extended beyond the reach of sight, along the shores of the sea. The weakness, to which he was reduced, the breadth of the current, the fear of straying in such an immense forest, compelled him to proceed up the river, without attempting to cross it. He did not doubt but it was one of the branches of the Senegal, but saw it was not that, in which European vessels are accustomed to anchor. He felt that this new direction, which he was driven to take, must lengthen his journey ; and he pursued it with grief. One day, sinking beneath weariness and want of sleep, he threw himself down at a little distance from the city where I was born. Some negroes, conducted to the place by their employment of fishing, perceived him lying without sense or motion. The appearance of a white man astonished them : but they approached him. He still breathed ; and they hastened to carry him to the city. On his recovering, he was terrified to find himself in the midst of a vast quantity of people, whom curiosity had assembled : but the kind caresses of his hosts, their ten-

der cares, their officious friendship, insensibly dissipated his fears. At first, the necessity of regaining his strength detained him among us: but soon, the charms of our innocent life gently won him to our society. The remembrance of his country weakened gradually; an attachment, which he felt for one of our women, effaced it forever. Siratik received him with goodness. To express his gratitude he learned our language; he recounted his misfortunes; and we loved him the better for them. The sovereign and his subjects contended for the happiness of rendering his fate agreeable. He married the female whom he loved; the nation constructed a dwelling for him, gave him lands, taught him to cultivate them; and the birth of Amelia rendered indissoluble the new ties which attached him to Africa.

Dumont had the amiable manners of his country, without its frivolity, its inconstancy; and in him the charms of understanding gave a grace to the qualities of the heart. A brother, whom he had left in Europe, was the only object of his regrets. They had lost, in their infancy, their father and their mother. The benedictions of these parents had been their only heritage. A relation undertook the charge of their education: they would have repaid his cares: but death snatched him from them, when they more than ever stood in need of a director.

Dumont chose a sea life. His good conduct procured him the post of captain in the merchant service, which he filled with honour, when the sea swallowed up his vessel—his companions—in fine, all that he possessed. Content with his lot, informed by the philosophy which teaches that man is dear to God, by the virtues he exercises, not by the climate he inhabits, he thought it his duty to accept with gratitude the new country which heaven had given him as a recompense for the confidence which he placed in his infinite goodness.

He was but four-and-twenty when my countrymen received him. I was then in my infancy. He was loved by all: but my father, who by his rank served him more than others, loved him still more. That species of sympathy—that analogy of sentiment, which prepares, forms, and draws together the ties of the heart, had strictly united them. I may say, then, I was reared in the bosom of Dumont; for he loved the father too much, not to love the son. I knew the French almost as soon as my native language. The assiduity of Dumont had also taught that to his wife and my father; and the two families composed, in the depth of Africa, a society so entire, that we could have lived separated from every human being.

Thus it was, that nature, in placing me near Amelia, made me feel the necessity of loving her, of pleasing her, of repaying her, without reserve, the tenderness with which her father honoured me. The endearing names of sister and brother were to us the happy preface of titles more endearing, which we one day looked for. Peaceable sentiments! delicious moments of infancy! what has become of you? why must you be succeeded by every species of ill, which the passions of men can produce?

Dumont permitted me to remain till the age of twelve, without any other instruction than that of children of my own age and country, except the French language, in which I every day improved. But with pleasure he saw a curiosity pervade me, which I could not dissemble, and which he promised to himself to use as the means of conducting me insensibly to the important truths for which man is born. If he spoke to my father of the power, the magnificence of France—of the genius, politeness, affability of his countrymen—of the discoveries and sciences of Europe—I listened to him with an attention which could not escape his observation. My father at one of these times, said to him: "I cannot doubt the happiness which is the lot of your country. How many thousand negroes have been taken from our coasts by European vessels! The right of

war permits us to dispose of those prisoners we take in battle, and we deliver them up as trifles. Alas ! the Europeans are more virtuous than we are. Influenced by humanity, they come to snatch them from our chains. The negroes must be happy with them ; for none have ever returned to their families." Dumont was silent ; his colour became a deep red ; but it did not draw our attention. We were yet ignorant, that the souls of white men can express themselves in their visage.

I could not cease to listen to Dumont's lessons. He did not cease to repeat to me what I had already heard a hundred times. I eagerly demanded the reason of every thing which I saw him do, contrary to our customs. " Why did he not eat in our manner ? why had he made habits for himself, his wife, and daughter ?" He answered me with goodness. He shewed me the charms which there selves are in decency, modesty, and purity of manners.

There was but one of his actions respecting which he was silent, and that silence was intended to excite my curiosity. Every evening and morning I saw him prostrate himself, while his wife and child did the same. He drew from his pocket an assemblage of small leaves, strongly sewed together. I perceived on them a multitude of black marks regularly arranged, the meaning of which was unknown to me. It was easy to see, that this little book (for such it was) had been damaged by wet. I did not doubt but that he had saved it from the shipwreck ; for I had never seen any thing like it, among our countrymen. He fixed his eyes upon it, and pronounced a set of words with enthusiasm. These words were neither of the negro nor French language ; but their harmony was exceedingly delightful. I also threw myself on my knees. I strongly joined my little hands together. Like him, I raised my eyes to heaven. I was apprehensive of forgetting the least circumstance of a scene so new to me. It seemed that all this rendered Dumont more dear to me. At one of these times, I threw myself into his arms. Inform me, said I, why do you do thus ?" He embraced me. Tears of joy sprang from his eyes. " It is not yet time," answered he.

I approached my thirteenth year. One day, when I had pressed him more earnestly than usual on the subject, without obtaining any satisfactory answer, his refusal truly offended me. I saw him smile at the little marks of my impatience, and that redoubled it. Every thing displeased me ; even Amelia could scarcely chase away my chagrin : I experienced a secret inquietude, of which I could give no account. So true it is, that the worship of the Divinity becomes necessary to man, in the instant that the slightest notion of a Supreme Being is awakened in the soul.

When Dumont saw the sun descending towards the horizon, he said, " Will Itanoko walk with me ?" At first I was tempted to refuse him : but I had not the power. My self-love was wounded ; but my heart was not. I feared to grieve Dumont. We walked. Insensibly he turned his conversation to his country ; and he spoke to me of the grandeur, the majesty, and the sumptuousness of its temples. This word was new to me. It called forth all my attention. I heard with transport the description of a temple. " My dear Dumont," said I, " what pleasure to listen to you ! A temple must be superb. How grand the spectacle of her rich ornaments, her precious vases, her priests clothed in linen ! How charming the sound of that harmonious music ! But you have never spoken to me of this before. Why these vast edifices ? Why this pomp ? Why this incense ?"

While I thus interrogated him, we had gained the top of a hill which overlooked the country. The season of rains was passed. The storms were fled. The heavens were serene ; and the air bore, on its bosom, the sweet perfumes which arose from the flowers profusely scattered on the plain. Never had nature

seemed so delightful to me. The eye in its rapid course wandered around an immense horizon. It beheld the majestic Senegal hastening, from a source unknown, to the sea with its peaceful waves. Vast forests, diversified pastures, numerous huts enriched its banks. The sun, deprived of his fierceness, was sinking into another hemisphere: and the moon was slowly rising over the mountains of Lybia.

"Behold this spectacle!" said Dumont to me. "Does it say nothing to your heart?" "It ravishes my senses," cried I. "Ah how happy is man to see it, to enjoy it, and to feel that he enjoys it!" "Without doubt," replied Dumont: "but if he know not the hand that created these scenes, he has no more enjoyment of them than animals. Know you the Being who sustains those burning globes, whose warmth brings your harvest to the birth, and whose rays dissipate the obscurity of your nights? Do you know the power, who casts forth this river from the entrails of the earth? Who covers its sides with those exquisite flowers—with those woods whose shade repels the heat of day—those animals whose milk nourishes you—those birds whose song amuses your ear?" "No," replied I: "but he must be good and infinitely powerful." "Ah," cried he, "this Being, so good, so powerful, is your God, is my God, is the God of the universe. For you, for man, he created this scene which charms you. He has created yourself to enjoy it—not to be an ingrate. Such benefactions merit your gratitude: should you not love him then? He, alone, if you offend him, can deprive you of them: should you not fear him then? He alone has the power to fill you with prosperity: then should you not adore him? And now behold yourself informed of the motive of that action which you see me repeat every day. It is before him that I humble myself. At his feet, I prostrate myself, to demand, not an increase of the blessings which he has lavished on me, but of the virtues which render me worthy of his benefactions. On the rising of the sun, I pay him my first homage; and when the return of night calls me to sleep, my last sentiments are due to him." "Privileged mortal! is it to you alone that God is known? We, though men like yourself, we do not know him." "You do not, but one day you will. The people of Europe know him, and assemble to adore him; and hence the origin of those temples, of that worship which I have just described." "And do the Europeans, like you, demand virtues of that Being?" "It is their duty." "Then your people are the worthiest on the earth." "They ought to be so," answered Dumont, with a sigh.

Night approached. We returned to our habitation. My heart was full. A new and delicate satisfaction had infused itself into all my feelings. One thing alone still gave me inquietude. I wished to be entirely freed from my doubts. "Is your God," said I to him, "also the God of Amelia?" "Yes," he answered with transport; "and I hope will be in every moment of her existence." "'Tis done," I cried. "The God of Amelia shall be mine. I see, that he has the power of bestowing virtues."

Not one instant of the night saw me close my eyes. My conversation with Dumont had shed, on all the objects which surrounded me, an interest which till then they wanted. My father, my mother, my young companion Otourou, our hut, even my parouquet, every thing, which till then had seemed indifferent enough to me, presented itself in a seducing form. "God of Dumont!" said I to myself, "is it then for the preservation of my life, that thou hast taught my father to fold me in his arms? Is it to soften my vexations, that thou gavest a tender heart to Otourou? Is it to guard me against the storms, that thou buildest this hut for me? It is to amuse my leisure, that thou dost render this bird so tractable? Without thee I should not have all these." It seemed to me that an unknown voice answered: "No, without doubt." I listened, but heard no more,

of it. "O give me then, God of Dumont, the virtues which please thee." I was in bed. A sudden movement, which I made, threw down my arrows, which hung near me. These arrows, which had till then so greatly amused me, now caused me an involuntary emotion of horror. I threw them from me with a trembling hand, saying: "It is not the God of Dumont, who has given me these; for they destroy men; they destroy the animals they strike. I feel, that the sight of sufferings is no pleasure to me. But perhaps there is also a god of evil, of whom Dumont has not spoken to me." This idea gave me pain. Alas! I was ignorant, that the passions of men were the origin of that evil, which, in my trouble, I exalted into a divinity.

Scarcely was it day, when I flew to Dumont. My mind was consumed with doubt. I overwhelmed him with questions. He had commenced too happily with me, not to proceed. He found me yet exempt from vices and prejudices: and, in a few months, the christian religion was fully known to me.

I attained my eighteenth year. Dumont often proposed to conduct me to the sea-coast, in order to find some European settlement, where I might altogether embrace the religion he had taught me. The journey was not without danger. We must traverse some countries inimical to us. My father, alarmed by these reflexions, by his friendship for Dumont, by his affection for me, opposed the design. The wife of Dumont felt these alarms still more strongly. She knew, that her daughter must be of the party: and the fear of losing, perhaps for ever, her husband and her child, struck so forcibly on her mind, that she exerted her utmost influence with Dumont, to deter him from its execution. For me, besides the attachment which I had really conceived for the religion of my friend, I had another interest, extremely powerful with my heart, to hasten my departure. Dumont had declared, that he could not permit me to be the husband of Amelia, till both of us were baptized—and till our marriage could be consecrated at the foot of the altar. Dumont had instructed me: and I had instructed my comrade Otourou. "What should we fear?" did I often say to the father of Amelia. "We are three. We are brave: you are prudent. What dangers are there, that we may not face with the aid of courage and of wisdom? It is easy for us to defend ourselves, if we be attacked: it will be still more easy to shun our enemies. The thickness of the woods, the distance of the habitations, every thing favours us. If Amelia be overcome with fatigue, Otourou and I are strong; we will carry her." Dumont, whose feelings accorded with mine, easily yielded to my reasons. He spoke with such energy to my father and to his wife, that they no longer hesitated. They even determined to accompany us: and the next day would have been fixed for our departure, had not harvest been at hand. Fatal delay! the first signal of all my miseries!

Our harvest was ready: it was abundant. Every one laboured incessantly, during the day: and at night the general joy was announced by shouts, songs, and dances—the usual relaxation of the fatigues of negroes. I was in a rapturous delirium. I thought of nothing but my future happiness: I talked of nothing but our journey. My love for Amelia was extreme. I saw her; I adored her; I never quitted her for an instant: yet, such was the violence of my desires, that I forgot the felicity in my power: and I resembled a man, who, long separated from the object of his tenderness, counts the minutes which bring near the day in which he shall return to her.

Otourou, who had but one soul with me, partook of my happiness—but in his own manner. I, ever impetuous, looked only to the success of my wishes. He, calm and patient, did but study the means to insure that success. It seemed, that nature had founded our friendship on the difference of our characters; or rather, that she had designed Otourou to be my guardian angel. His father, whom he had never seen, was a negro of a neighbouring village. He had disappeared

in a war between our nation and the people of Galam, and had left his wife pregnant. On the return of peace, this woman, named Atiliba, came to the court of Siratik, with the hope of hearing intelligence of her husband. Her enquiries were vain: my father joined his to them, but without success. He kindly took her to his own home, where she was delivered of Otourou; and grief soon after conducted her to the tomb. Her infant found, in my father, that humanity which is often more compassionate than the ties of consanguinity! Otourou and I had but one cradle; and he was my brother, before years made him my friend.

I dare declare, that we resembled each other only in courage; and with this difference even there, that I rushed on dangers, the moment I perceived them, while Otourou only opposed himself to them, when they were inevitable. Always cool, always peaceable, he smiled at my follies, but he did not thwart them. Master of his mind, of his passions, all his being acted in obedience to his judgment: my judgment was a slave to the ardour of my character. Did I wish for any thing? Did it not meet his wishes? He began to wish as I did; and I soon finished by having no wish but his. The nature of his goodness, his generosity, his friendship were not the same as mine. With me these virtues spread without, like a torrent; with him they acted silently within. His were concealed, but solid; they were mute, but active. In short, generally more perfect than I, in forgetting injuries he was inferior to me. And here again appeared the effect of our different temperaments. In me, anger burst into a storm; and was soon succeeded by a calm. She took up her dwelling with him. Vengeance never was extinguished in his breast, or only when it was lost in the coldness of disdain.

(To be continued in the next.)

A N E C D O T E.

DURING the late war, there lived a man at Clam town, near Egg harbour, who frequently laid wagers, and made his boasts, that he could endure any number of musketoes to sting his naked body, without in the least flinching or manifesting any uneasiness at the pain. Upon one of these bragging occasions, a gentleman present seemed to doubt the truth of what he said: but, added he, "as it is now the month of August, the salt marshes close at hand, and the musketoes plenty enough in all conscience, here are five guineas for you, if you will consent to be stripped to the buff, tied hand and foot, and lie blindfolded but one quarter of an hour, without once flinching, bawling out, or making wry faces when you are stung." For the sake of the five guineas, which he imagined he could easily win, the man laid the wager, and was stripped accordingly.

For about ten minutes, he endured the torment of the musketoes with all the composure imaginable, without seeming to regard them any more than if his skin had been made of seal leather. The gentleman, beginning to grow uneasy for fear he should lose his five guineas, as the fellow really seemed to be devoid of sensation, slipped into an adjacent hut, and set fire to the small end of his walking stick. Returning in an instant, he slyly and unperceived gently applied the extremity of his stick (now burned to a coal) to the naked back of the man, who immediately shrunk from the application, and, from the acute pain, roared out like a bull. "You have lost the wager," said the gentleman. "It is lost sure enough," said the fellow: "but had it not been for that d—d ganninipper*, I should have won it as easy as kiss my hand!"

NOTE.

* A ganninipper is a kind of large horse-fly, frequent in pine woods, the sting of which is extremely poisonous as well as painful.